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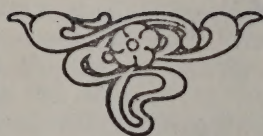
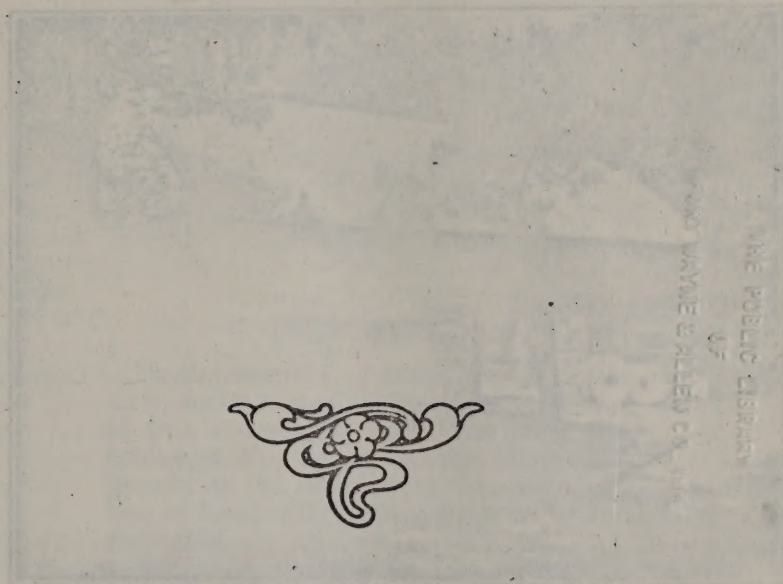
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LOG CABIN DAYS  
LOG CABIN DAYS



The Log Cabin homes of Kansas,  
How modestly they stood  
Along the sunny hill-sides,  
Or nestling in the woods.  
They sheltered men and women,  
Brave hearted pioneers;  
Each one became a landmark  
Of freedom's great years.

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Riley County Historical Society  
1929

Riley County Historical Society  
1929

# LOG CABIN DAYS

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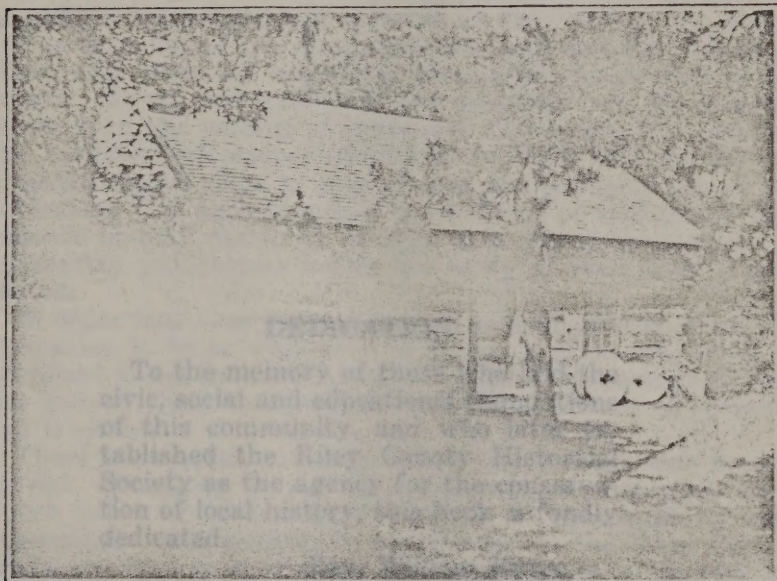


Riley County Historical Society  
1929

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# LOG CABIN DAYS

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The Log Cabin homes of Kansas,  
How modestly they stood  
Along the sunny hillsides,  
Or nestling in the wood.  
They sheltered men and women,  
Brave hearted pioneers;  
Each one became a landmark  
Of freedom's trial years.

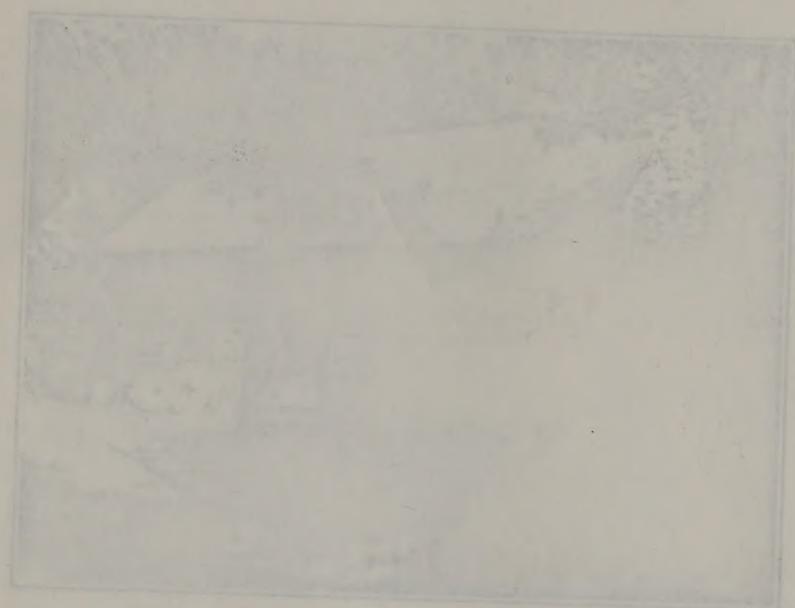
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Riley County Historical Society  
1929

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# LOG CABIN DAYS



The Log Cabin houses of Kansas  
 From modestly they stood  
 Along the sunny hillside,  
 Or nestling in the wood.  
 They sheltered men and women,  
 From fearful pioneers;  
 Each one became a landmark  
 Of freedom's trial years.

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Riley County Historical Society  
 1929

## DEDICATION

To the memory of those who laid the civic, social and educational foundations of this community, and who later established the Riley County Historical Society as the agency for the conservation of local history, this book is fondly dedicated.

Rev. William Knipe,  
Judge Sam Kimble,  
John Warner,  
Prof. G. Failyer,  
J. B. Mudge.



## PREFACE

The primary purpose of a local historical society is to collect and preserve the records of the building of the community. Such records are worthy of preservation for they become increasingly interesting and valuable as the years go by, and so far as they reveal the struggles, sacrifices and high ideals of those who made the past, they become the inspiration of the future. Every community is the monument to the memory of the men and women of vision and of purpose who endured the hardships of pioneer conditions in order that culture and progress might come to prevail over the primeval life of the wilderness; but such founders and builders of civilization soon come to be only names to, or even pass out of the memory of succeeding generations unless the story of their lives is preserved.

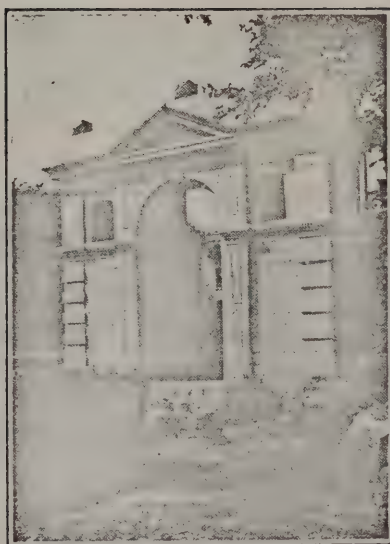
In order that local history may be an authentic source of information to those who come to study it, great care must be exercised to get the facts assembled before the passage of time has caused them to become blurred into a haze of romance and tradition.

There are several means by which local history may be preserved. First, by means of a museum of historical relics which speak so eloquently of the life of the people of each generation. This activity is represented in the Riley County Historical Society by the log cabin museum with its very remarkable collection of relics. A second means is the writing and presenting of papers by those who have been active participants in events of historic import, or who have been closely associated with such participants. It is partly to preserve in a more durable and accessible form than that of manuscripts some of the important papers that have been read before this society that this book has been edited and printed. A third activity, which has not been much developed as yet by this society, should be the collection, preservation, and publication of manuscript source material such as diaries, journals, correspondence, etc.

Finally, the Riley County Historical Society and the interested public owe a real debt of gratitude to the following women who have given a great deal of time and labor to the editing and publishing of this book: Mrs. C. B. Daughters, Mrs. G. H. Failyer, Mrs. I. S. Smith, Miss Harriet Parkinson, Mrs. Eusebia Irish, Mrs. John Warner.

C. M. Correll  
President of Historical Association



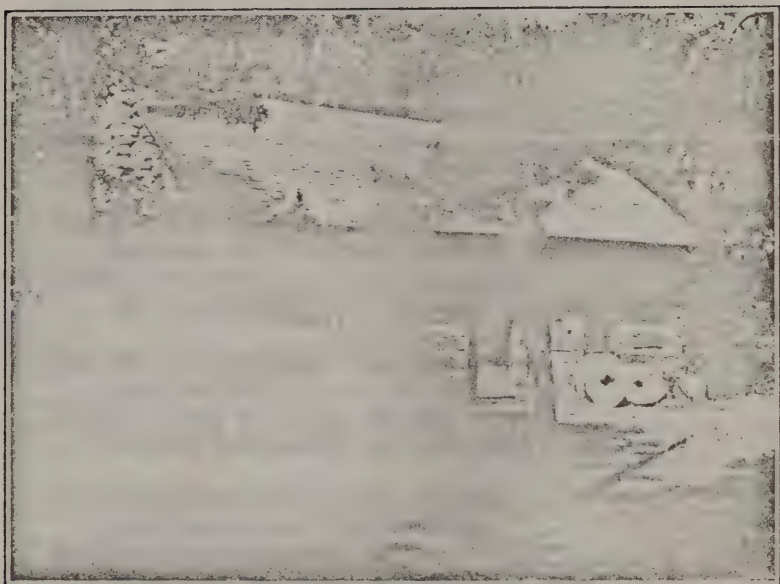


"Man builds no structure  
which outlives a book."

This little volume owes its being to the pioneers of Riley County who have generously donated time and energy in writing up notable events of their frontier life. The proceeds from the sale of the book is to be used in beautifying "Denison Circle" which the donor, Judge Kimble hoped would be used as a site for a monument erected in memory of Manhattan's pioneers and founders.

Mrs. C. B. Daughters,  
Mrs. I. S. Smith,  
Mrs. G. I. Failyer,  
Committee.





THE LOG CABIN MUSEUM



## A CHURCH BELL OF MANHATTAN

There's a bell that in the steeple  
Of a city church doth hang,  
And I hear the waters flowing  
As I listen to its clang.

Once upon a river steamer  
Hung this consecrated bell,  
And its iron music mingled  
With the river's sweep and swell.

And that steamer to this city  
Brought the hardy pioneers;  
Then adown the shallow river,  
Homeward bound the vessel steers.

But the boat that has ascended  
Streams for thousand miles or more,  
Meets with wreck and conflagration,  
On the Kansas river shore.

Yet the bell somehow was rescued,  
And secured by one who thought  
Faith in God, in all beginnings,  
Should profoundly be inwrought.

Years the bell hung in the steeple,  
And companion bell was none;  
By its voice to worship calling,  
Who can tell what hearts were won.

Rude no longer is the region,—  
Lies a city in the vale;  
And the bells from many steeples  
With their peal the ear assail.

But I listen for the ringing  
Of the old historic bell,  
And I hear in its vibrations  
How the waters sweep and swell.

—Ida Ahlborn.



## THE HOME OF THE KAWS

On the banks of the Kansas river, two miles east of the city of Manhattan, is the site of the old Kansas Indian village, once the home of the entire tribe. This town at one time numbered about 1,000 souls.

The name variously spelled by different writers—Kouzas, Konsas, Kanzas and Kansas, furnish the name for our state.

Their original habitat was undoubtedly along the Mississippi river in Arkansas, the Arkansas Indians being a branch of the Konzas. The Frenchman, General Burgomont, while exploring eastern and central Kansas in 1727, found Konzas Indians located in a village near the mouth of the Kansas river.

The site of this old village has recently been discovered by Geo. Remsburg.

In 1819, Dr. Thomas Say, the noted scientist, sent out by the government in company with Major Long's exploring party, found this village farther up the stream at the Junction of the Blue and the Kansas rivers.

Dr. Say was hospitably received by the villagers, whose habits and modes of life he accurately describes in a journal.

It was but a few miles above the village that his party, consisting of about a dozen whites and a few Indian camp followers, were beset by a large war party of Republican river Pawnees, who were never apparently on good terms with the Konzas. These Pawnees were probably from the village visited by Pike in 1806, just 100 years ago this summer. No lives were lost in this encounter, but the Pawnees left with considerable loot from their stores of provisions and baggage, and also all the horses, so that the trip up the Blue was abandoned and the party obliged to make its way back to the Missouri in time to intercept and join the main expedition that was traveling up the river by boat.

The Konzas, or Kansas, unlike other Indian tribes, were friendly with the whites, but like most of them they were unable to endure the evils that civilization brought to them. As a tribe, they have literally withered from the land. They were not slaughtered, like some of the New England tribes, with fire and sword. The 40-rod whiskey of the white trader is perhaps not quite as deadly in its effects, but the results in the end are the same. The band, a mere remnant of this numerous tribe, who once owned all north-eastern Kansas as their possession, are now located on a small reservation in north Indian Territory, and it will not be long ere the waves of civilization will engulf them forever.

No effort has been made to preserve the old village site at Manhattan. The many lodge circles that were once plainly to be seen in the fields are now fast disappearing under the leveling influence of the plow and the elements.



Thousands pass over the old village site daily by rail and wagon road and yet not one in 100, perhaps, know of its existence. It is high time some action be taken to at least mark the spot with a huge stone suitably inscribed to let the passerby know he is on historic ground.—W. J. Griffing.

Mr. W. J. Griffing, at my request, furnishes the above information, which to our organization is a matter of import.

(Mrs.) Charlotte W. Wilder.

### MANHATTAN JUBILEE CELEBRATION OCT. 1929

On this notable occasion when we are celebrating the arrival of our city, at her seventy-fifth milestone and all are more than usually interested in scanning the pages of her past, it was a thought a suitable time to arrange a few authentic historical items and incidents in her progress.

This has been accomplished in convenient form, for ready reference or preservation, and also to show something of how Manhattan has attained her present happy condition.

Like the history of our state the story has been told and retold, yet the half has not been known.

The social significance of Kansas history lies in the political rather than the physical determination of its early settlers.

Eli Taylor president of the New England Emigrant Aid Co., wrote in a private letter some years ago.—“I feel a kinship nearer than that of blood for the heroic pioneers who responded to my call for volunteers for Kansas. They made the first self sacrificing emigration in the worlds history. All other emigrations were compulsory or selfseeking.” This call for freedom, aroused not only New England, but people of the middle and western states who came bravely to the rescue. In the fall of 1854 Geo. S. Park located a town named it, Poliska, here was built a log cabin for a blacksmith shop. This was the first building on our town sites.

At the northeast part of the town five college graduates from five different states, located the town of Canton. A dug-out at the base of Bluemont, was their only improvement. In March 1855 a company of two hundred under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Company left Boston, for Kansas to found a town and settle farms around it. A committee was sent in advance to find a desirable location, before the main company arrived. When they reached this place at the junction of the Kansas and Blue rivers, it was so satisfactory they did not look further. And April 4th 1855 a new Town Association was organized with 35 members, uniting the two previous claims with the New England and the town was called Boston. Several shake houses were built and placed on each quarter section with someone to occupy them and prevent the claims being jumped.



At that time travelers crossed the Blue river five miles north of Manhattan over a Government bridge, said to be the first in the state. A small Pro-slavery town was located there, called Juniata. A little later the bridge washed away, and the town disappeared.

Not near all the two hundred who started with the Boston Company ever reached this place, and some who did soon returned east, as they had not counted the cost of pioneering.

In May 1855 the Cincinnati Company numbering seventy-five, arrived on the steamer Hartford, enroute for the present site of Junction City. The Boston Company offered if they would stop here, to divide the town site with them. They accepted the offer and business was more lively. This Company brought ten houses framed and ready to put up. The Hartford while anchored near St. Mary's was burned. The bell from the steamer was saved and given to the first church built in Manhattan, the Methodist, where it still does service.

While the material progress of the new town was carefully attended too, its mental activity was not overlooked. In this feature, it differed from numerous other towns of the time and has continued to differ.

#### THE FIRST MEMBERS OF MANHATTAN TOWN ASSOCIATION

E. M. Thurston, S. D. Houston, I. T. Goodnow, C. E. Blood, C. H. Lovejoy, C. N. Wilson, N. E. Wright, H. A. Wilcox, T. J. Roosa, R. R. Crame, J. Flagg, C. Goddard, A. L. Prentice, J. Hoar, Simeon Parry, S. W. Lockwood, A. Browning, Cyrus Bishop, H. B. Gage, J. E. Bissell, D. Ambrose, H. B. Keeley, J. Denison.

Harriet Parkerson



## HISTORY OF RILEY COUNTY HISTORICAL ASS'N

The Book of Time, written by deeds, actions and events, illustrated by incidents and legends, is the most thrilling of all our volumnes. Time has not recorded many pages to our Kansas volume but short as it is, the story of its early years when Kansas' valiant attitude stirred a nation to war, continues into its throbbing vigorous present.

Knowing that much of this unwritten history of Manhattan and vicinity would soon be forgotten unless something was done to preserve it, the Riley County Historical Association was organized on May 28, 1914.

As usual in most active and historical events since the Garden of Eden, the women were the prime movers, and a few interested ones, asking cooperation from patriotic and literary societies, decided to form an historical society and elected the following officers:

President, Mrs. Eusebia M. Irish; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. I. S. Smith, and Judge Samuel Kimble; Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Edgerton; Treasurer, Mrs. Hannah R. Spilman; Corresponding Secy., Mrs. C. B. Daughters.

A board of directors was chosen from different city organizations as follows:

Mrs. Hattie Parkerson from the D. S. Club; Mrs. J. A. Koller, T. P. M. Club; Mrs Geo. Hungerford and Rev. Wm. Knipe, Old Settlers Club; Mrs. Flora Allen, Ladies Circle; Miss Ida Hess, Womens' Relief Corps; Mrs. Ben Sweet, Civic Club; Mrs. C. B. Daughters, D. A. R.

Miss Parkerson spoke to the society on the importance of preserving local history, and suggested as it was nearing the 60th birthday of Manhattan, it was a good time to call the attention of the public to our history by celebrating the event, which was done later.

The object of this society is to promote interest in, and preservation of written or printed records of our history, and also to collect relics for a museum.

Meetings the first year were held nearly every month in the county court house, and papers were read by many early settlers which are preserved by the Association. Meetings at present are held at intervals by call of officers, and two picnics are held yearly in the city park.

Under Presidents Failyer and Correll, community programs have been given from time to time and much early history presented of Wabaunsee, Deep Creek, Zeandale, Cedar Creek, Bala and other neighboring places.

From the first the association planned for a museum, but lacking funds for anything more pretentious, it was thought appropriate to build a pioneer log cabin to contain an historical collection, and permission was given to place it in the city park.



Immediately, under the vigorous efforts of President Knipe, contributions of logs, labor and materials were given by many generous people, and on October 12, 1915 the corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies.

The stone was taken from the walls of the first building of K. S. A. C. College when it was torn down and was given to the Historical Society by Jasper Howard. It contains historical papers and is placed at the northeast corner of the cabin, and at the southeast corner is a stone from the old government bridge over the Blue River at Juniata, which was used for transportation from Ft. Leavenworth to Ft. Riley in the 1850's.

The first step towards a museum was marked by the most brilliant and colorful parade ever given in Manhattan. There were 102 floats representing history from Spanish explorers to the present time, business, education, and in fact the whole development of Manhattan.

Here is a partial list of the floats:

Primitive Indian Life.

Indians

Blanket dances, etc.

The Steamer Hartford.

Founders of Manhattan

Founders of College

Pioneers

Breaking Prairie

First School

First Church

Civil War

Call to Arms

- Events

Kansas Progress.

Agriculture

Industry

Library

Below is a list of those who donated material or labor:

Mrs. Mary Sarber, logs. F. B. Elliott, logs. Henry Edelblute, logs. Mrs. Wm. Edelblute, logs. Barney Kimble, logs and cutting and hauling same. L. H. Patterson, logs. Mrs. Lizzie Knox, logs. Mrs. Chas. Green, logs. Mr. Houston, logs. Thomas Murphy, logs. Watson Haines, logs. A. Muzzey, logs; also cutting and hauling same. County Home, logs. H. H. Moehlman, logs and cutting the same. D. G. Inskeep & son, logs and cutting and hauling. C. C. Thompson, cutting and hauling logs. E. J. Knox, cutting and hauling. Ed Creviston, cutting logs. A. R. Merritt, hauling logs. W. A. Hunter, hauling logs. John Richards, hauling logs. I. S. Smith, stone for chimneys. J. B. Rader, hewing logs. Harry Tennant, work on house. Chas. Deere, work on house. Henry Hougham, work on house. R. A. Standage, work on house. James Mitchell, work on house. James Fisher, work on house. George



Earl, work on house. Harry Staggs, work on house. Mr. Barnum, work on house. V. V. Akin, work on house. Andrew Sweet, work on house. Tom Sweet, work on house. J. M. Howard, store from old Bluemont college building. W. A. Pitman, crane for fireplace. Chas Currie, hauling stone. Hammond Lumber Co., material. R. D. Heath Lumber Co., material. Manhattan Lumber Co., material. Ramey Lumber Co., material. E. B. Purcell Trading Co., hardware. R. B. Hull, hardware. Wm. Stingley & Co., hardware. Chas. Engel, hardware. Correll Mfg. Co., material. Paddock Sand Co., sand. S. A. Meyers, hauling sand. Ed Knight, stones for hearths. Ike Holbert, meals for labors. R. D. Moore, mason work. Geo. Wilcox, cutting stone.

A number of others responded to a call to lend a hand from time to time during the laying of the logs. The association appreciates the help of all these.

Another celebration was held Oct. 5, 1916, at the completion of the cabin. After a picnic dinner in the park, music was given by Prof. Burton's juvenile orchestra, dedicatory address by President Knipe, and speeches by Mrs. Emma Forter of Marysville, and Tom McNeal of Topeka. A housewarming was held and an interested crowd gathered in the cabin. A melodeon brought to Manhattan in the early days by Mrs. Ella Carroll, accompanied the singing of old songs.

The fire place, decorated with ancient andirons, tongs, cranes, clocks and candle sticks, glowed a welcome. Curios of many kinds including furniture, guns, needle work and relics from many pioneer homes, suggested romances of the road, the starting of homes, and pictures of old time life and ways.

The society from time to time hopes to preserve historic places. On November 27, 1926, the Daughters of the American Revolution joined with the Historical Assn., in placing a memorial boulder with bronze tablet on the site of the original campus of K. S. A.C. On this is inscribed the names of the founders of the college.

Speeches were made by President Farrell of the college, President Failyer of the Historical Association, Mrs. Burr Ozment, regent of the D. A. R., and Mr. C. A. Kimball, grandson of the founder. Mrs. Abbie Marlatt, granddaughter of a founder, unveiled the tablet, an impressive and memorable occasion. "Children and grandchildren of Rev. Joseph Denison, the first president of the college, were present, also a number of old students who were in college under him.

Through the efforts of Mr. Sam Kimble, Mr. George Failyer, Mr. Fletcher Moore and others a Memorial Arch was placed on Mr. Moore's property at the head of Poyntz Avenue. This arch is in memory of Miss Amada Arnold, the first school teacher in Manhattan and other pioneer educators, and was



taken from the old Central School building when it was replaced by the new structure known as the Woodrow Wilson building.

The original pioneers are mostly gone, but we are still making history, as this year's Diamond Jubilee testifies. The log cabin museum is full and overflowing with relics. Mr. J. B. Mudge, custodian for many years, says more room is much needed for contributions still keep coming in. By-the-way Mr. Mudge has complied with much care and labor several large scrap books of local history.

A better and fire-proof building is much needed. Who will help to erect one and to carry on the work of the Historical Society? Our history is a sacred trust inherited from the pioneers, let us never cease our efforts to preserve it.

Mrs. Eusebia Mudge Irish

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### THE MUSEUM

*G. H. Failyer*

The log house in the city park of Manhattan, Kansas, was built to show young people the kind of houses the early settlers of the state lived in. In order to have a durable house and of a size to be useful, it was decided to erect a house like the best class of early houses.

After the building was completed in 1916, a few relics were placed in it; and then a somewhat continuous effort was made to build up a museum of old time articles, both useful and ornamental, but at the same time not neglecting things now in use. These latter will in time be of "ye olden time." A special effort has been made to collect utensils, instruments, and appliances in use in every day life in the home, field, and shop; also articles of clothing and other home productions.

It is impossible, in the space available to mention all the things that go to fill the house too full for their proper display. It is thought that enough are here given to show the scope and extent of the collection.

The interest of the pioneer's home centered about the fire place. In the absence of stoves, the cooking was done at the fire place; it heated the house and largely furnished the light of winter evenings. The house in the park has a fire place at either end. About the south one are gathered some of the more intimate household effects.

W. A. Pittman of Manhattan made and placed in it an iron crane. It is not old but is like old-time cranes. From this crane hang two black pots. Brass colonial andirons stand in the fire place, and upon the hearth are two dutch ovens or utensils used in baking bread. Very old brass tongs have their place. One of these bake ovens was used in the eighteen sixties by E. St. John on buffalo hunting trips. The other oven was used in 1885 on a collecting trip in western Kansas



by W. A. Kellerman, E. A. Popenoe, G. H. Failyer, C. L. Marlatt and M. A. Carleton, all of the Agricultural College. There is also an old cast iron teakettle and a cast iron skillet with a long round handle. Upon the slab mantle are brass colonial candle sticks and a pair of candle snuffers. Nearby are a grater for grating corn instead of grinding it for meal, bread tray brought to Kansas in 1856, made in Ohio by Mr. Joseph Haines probably in the 40's. Among house-hold furniture are a rocking chair made in 1856 at Zeandale from walnut timber. A high-back rocker over 100 years old. A split bottom chair bought in 1847 in Indiana by Rev. Wm. Knipe when he began housekeeping. Nine other old chairs. Four spinning wheels. Two are small wheels, generally called flax wheels. One of these was brought from western Virginia in the fifties, and was old then. Two large spinning wheels. One is an ordinary wheel that E. B. Purcell had in stock from an early day and remained unsold. The other one was donated by Rev. Wm. Knipe. It is a special form, not in very general use. A registering reel for yarn. It was used in New York previous to 1860. A mahogany work box displaying nine kinds of thread. Hand cards for wool or cotton. Two sewing machines, both Wheeler and Wilson. One is the first sewing machine brought to Manhattan. Owned by Mrs. John Mails. The other was bought in 1868 by Mrs. Streeter of Madison Creek. It is still usable. A melodian, an early form of the organ still makes music. Several clocks run by weights, two have wood wheels.

There are numerous small articles. Gourd dippers; old steel yards; boot jacks; flax hackle; lanterns of various ages, one used in 1870; and used candles; frowes for splitting out clapboards or shakes; shuttles for weaving; meat hooks of hickory limbs for hanging meat in the smoke house; a pewter tea pot; sanders for sifting fine sand in blotting writing; old jointed spectacles; a snuff box, but no snuff; match planes and planes for making moldings; knives and two tined forks bought in 1838 by Mrs. I. T. Goodnow.

A few of the dishes are a platter used in 1800; a pie plate from the mess chest of General Blunt; a pie plate bought in 1838, a wedgewood plate used in the eighties.

Articles of women's wear are not neglected. There are old time bonnets and hats; dancing slippers; under sleeves with embroidered ruffles, hoop skirts; scarfs; a hand carved wooden busk from revolutionary time; a woman's side-saddle.

There are three carpet bags, one brought from Connecticut before the Civil War. Two old time quilts, one made in Ohio by Amanda Arnold's grandmother; the other one was donated by Rev. Wm. Knipe, it was made by Mrs. Knipe.

Some half dozen ox yokes. One was used by Pollard Carnahan on Carnahan Creek in 1856. Others were used by George W. Higinbotham in freighting from Missouri river points and



across the plains, before railroad time. Another was used in like manner by C. M. Dyche of Ogden. There are two ox shoes.

Of farm tools etc., there are two grain cradles. One was brought from Ohio in 1871 by J. H. Avers and had been in the family forty years before that time; and old hand grain sickle and an old flail. A large grain scoop shovel made from a single piece of walnut. The dropper attachment of a reaper. These came into use in the late sixties. Old single plow shovel; hames using trace chains.

Since fire arms and accessories have had an important part in the settlement of new countries and in the life of the nation, attention has been given to collecting them. There are three muzzle loading rifles, varying in caliber and two double barreled shot guns. These muzzle loaders required percussion caps as primers. Shot pouches, powder horns, chargers, and bullet molds accompany them. There are nine muskets mostly of Civil War time. One of these was carried in that war by the late W. H. Bower. His belt, cartridge box, and cap box are with it. A breech loading musket used in the Spanish American War. A flint lock musket used in the Revolutionary War is in excellent condition. There are old revolvers, carbines and bayonets. Cavalry swords of present time as well as the older form. Canteens of Civil War time. A Civil War overcoat. We have full suits of uniforms worn by American soldiers in the World War, donated by W. H. Sikes of Leonardville. Also mess kits, canteens and gas mask. Helmets of the American and of the German army. Cannon balls and shells of the Civil War and of the World War. Paper cartridges of the Civil War and brass cartridges of the World War. Indian bows and arrows in a quiver; an indian war club; two pairs of beaded moccasins; flint arrow heads and spears.

Five buffalo skulls, two with good horns. One of these was obtained in 1854 in the north west part of Riley county. It was sent to the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia.

A large brass lock and key from a dungeon at Fort Adams, Rhode Island built in 1821. This was donated by Capt. S. R. Kimble.

A "Wide Awake" torch used by John H. Gates at Lincoln's first inauguration.

A portion of the propeller blade of the first air plane to do commercial work at Manhattan. It brought many copies of the Kansas City Star which were sold to members of the crowd as it landed upon the Country Club grounds. One of these Stars is in this collection. This plane carried up the first Manhattan people to ride in a plane. After being here a few days, the plane sailed for the west. When several miles north west of Manhattan, the plane fell breaking the propeller. No one hurt.



There are a number of Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes and photographs of early settlers. An interesting group on the walls consists of the Daguerreotypes of Asaph Browning and Abby Copeland, the first people married in what is now Riley County, November 25, 1855, a picture of Rev. C. E. Blood who married them, and the original certificate of marriage.

There is a door from a cupboard in the Steamer Hartford; a broad ax used in hewing the logs of the houses; brick from the first Methodist Mission established in Kansas, 1830 in what is now called Wyandotte county; high wheel bicycle used in 1890; a turn-key for extracting teeth used by Dr. Amory Hunting in territorial days. Saddle bags made in Ohio in 1855 for Isaiah Harris, who took claim in Kansas in October of that year. Owner used them to carry medicine to early settlers and to carry bible, hymn books, etc., as he was a local preacher of the M. E. church. Old books and papers. Several large scrap books in which J. B. Mudge has preserved many newspaper accounts of events in the history of the community. He deserves special credit for this fine collection. A walnut cupboard made in 1857 for John Mails from the lumber of logs he cut on Wild Creek in 1855.

Outside the house are mill stones from the Mitchell mill on Clarke's Creek. These were grinding wheat in 1860. They were donated to the society by Joseph Boller who now owns the farm on which the mill was located. Also a large cut stone from the water table of the old Bluemont College.

Under the south east corner of the log house is a large stone from the north pier of the Juniata bridge which was destroyed in 1856 by high water and floating ice.

Under the north east corner, a stone from the water table of Bluemont College building serves as "Corner Stone." A copper box containing many articles was placed in it.

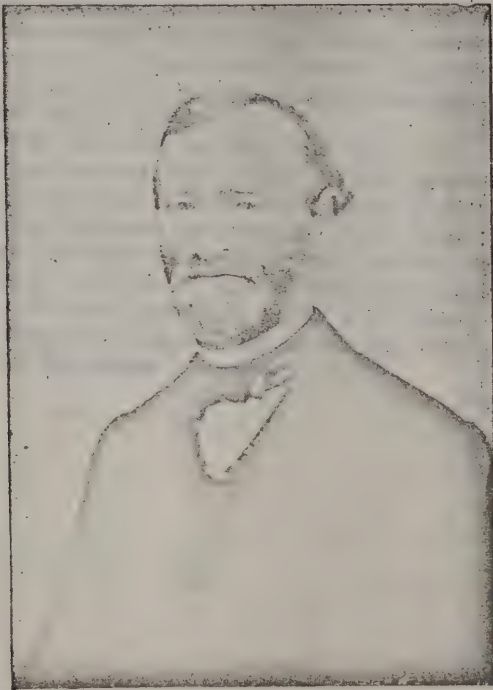
On the walls of the house hangs a map of Manhattan believed to have been made in 1867. Besides the plat of the city, there are several views of the streets and pictures of the principal buildings.



## HON. ISAAC T. GOODNOW, PH. D.

Mr. Goodnow, who had been a teacher in New England some years, in 1855 resigned his Professorship, and came to Kansas with the Boston Company for the express purpose of helping to make it a free state. He was one of the committee who selected the town site of Manhattan, and one of the founders of the state of his adoption whose history reads like a tale of chivalry.

Soon after becoming a citizen of Kansas, Professor Goodnow who was a born educator, joined Dr. Joseph Denison, Mr. Washington Marlatt and others in establishing Bluemont Col-



ISAAC T. GOODNOW

lege at Manhattan. After being operated for several years this school with its equipment and more than 100 acres of land was given to the state to secure the location of the Kansas State Agricultural College at this place. Mr. Goodnow was appointed land agent for the State College and sold 42000 acres of the endowment land.



When quite a young man Mr. Goodnow united with the Methodist church and throughout his life the church and her interests were very dear to him.

In 1857 he returned east, and among his friends and acquaintances raised \$4000 towards building the first Methodist church in Manhattan. He spent part of the three following years in the east doing similar work for Bluemont College, collected \$15,000, a library of several thousand volumes, and other equipment for the school. Mr. Goodnow was a member of the celebrated Lawrence Free State Convention and the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention. He was State Superintendent of Public Schools from 1863 to 1867. The second man elected to this office. In Kansas and on authority of those familiar with the facts, it is said he did much towards formulating that policy which has helped Kansas to stand in the front ranks in educational times. He was a constant friend of the State Teachers Association and his name appears on the last roll before his death.

He never lost interest in life, and his mind was vigorous and alert to the last of the nearly eighty years he lived. In 1838 Mr. Goodnow was married to a sister of Dr. Joseph Denison, Miss Ellen Denison of Colerain, Mass., and they traveled life's pathway together more than fifty years. Mrs. Goodnow was a woman of culture, of strong character and noble heart, and entered into her husbands plans with grace and helpfulness. Her sympathy helped him to do his best and to do the work ready for his hand.

Miss Parkerson



## DEDICATORY HYMN

"Composed by the wife of our Congregational minister, and sung at the laying of the cornerstone of Bluemont Central College, 1859."

Oh! Thou Glorious Sovereign Lord!  
Forming all things by thy word,  
Architect of wondrous power!  
Bless us in this joyful hour.

Pilgrims from afar we came,  
Suffering, toiling, in thy name;  
Leaving all for freedom's cause,  
All for heaven's eternal laws.

Now as cong'rers we have come,  
Here to raise a hallowed dome.  
Glorious Leader, Heavenly King,  
Own our humble offering.

As the mounds\* around us stand,  
Bulwarks planted by thy hand,  
Let thy mighty power alone  
Firmly plant this corner stone.

Raise this building from our youth,  
Lead them, Oh Thou God of Truth!  
Here may peace and love abide,  
Here may heavenly wisdom guide.

When we meet around thy throne,  
Pilgrims gathered to our home,  
Future names a song shall raise  
Glorious Father, to thy praise.

—Mary E. Blood, wife of Rev. C. E. Blood, 1859

\*Mounds referred to above are the hills or bluffs with which our beautiful city is surrounded.

This poem and notes are copied from the original now owned by Miss Hattie Parkerson.



## REV. JOSEPH DENISON, D. D.

Dr. Joseph Denison a teacher and Methodist minister in New York and Massachusetts resigned his pastorate in Boston in 1855 and came to Kansas with the New England Emigrant Aid Company who settled in Manhattan.

Dr. Denison and his brother-in-law, Isaac T. Goodnow had been close friends and associates since their youthful days, and came to Kansas together impelled by the same ideals and together they worked for the best things in their town, the state, and the country.

Dr. Denison was one of the founders of Manhattan and the Methodist church here, he helped in the organization of the Kansas Conference in 1856 and was appointed pastor at Manhattan that year. In 1859 he became Presiding Elder of a district said to extend from Topeka to the end of the world, at least as far as there were settlements. In 1854 he was sent as delegate to the General Conference at Philadelphia, and was also a representative to this body in 1880 and for fifty years did valiant service in the cause he loved.

Dr. Denison was one of the founders of Bluemont College and of the State Agricultural College. He was the first President of the former school and faithfully filled this office for ten years. In those pioneer days when an agricultural school was an experiment, money was not plentiful in the state and the people not educated to provide generously for state schools.

Dr. Denison was President of Baker University several years and then returned to the active ministry. In 1845 Dr. Denison was married to Miss Sarah J. Woodruff of Litchfield, Conn. She was a woman of fine mind and attainments devoted to her family and always interested and helpful in her husband's work. She died in 1858 leaving five children. In 1859 Dr. Denison married Mrs. Francese Dennis of Baldwin City, a woman well fitted for her position and much beloved.

Miss Parkerson



## REMINISCENCES

Forty-three years have wrought great changes in and about Manhattan. In the year 1866, the K. S. A. C. was still a new institution. It was situated about a mile west of where it is now seen.

One stone building three stories in height, and not far away a half-finished boarding hall were the only buildings then belonging to the College. Both have disappeared.

The stone forming these old College buildings now is seen in the large barn belonging to Washington Marlatt, one-half mile to the northward. The wooden part, in a small barn near Manhattan, now belongs to Mrs. Howard.

In those days the teaching force of K. S. A. C. consisted of "We four and no more." Of students there were between one and two hundred. The teachers alone now outnumber the whole of those days. But considering the scarcity of equipment then at command the work done compared very well with that of later years.

At the head of the faculty was the Rev. Joseph Dennison, D. D., a man ever to be held in honorable and grateful remembrance. He was one of the founders of the institution; one of the Massachusetts Colony that located both Manhattan City and "Blue Monte College," as the College was then called. In his day he contributed as largely to laying "deep broad and enduring" foundations to things as anyone who has ever lived in Kansas.

Next in order to the President was B. F. Mudge, A. M., also a colonist from New England. He was natural science impersonated, and as thorough a gentleman as New England ever sent to Kansas.

Third on the list was J. E. Platt; a gentleman and a Christian, of whom it might truly be said, "None knew him but to love him."

Next elected on the board was the Rev. J. H. Lee, who probably had as many fast friends as there were teachers and students in the College.

We well remember our first visit to College Hill. We were to "hold on to the chair" of Classics and English Literature. Both of these departments were in a sort of incipient condition. One of these has long since been cut out, The other still survives. Not long after the donation of the College to the state, a piano was bought and a Musical Department added. Still later Chemical and Philosophical "chairs" were constructed and men found to sit in them.

Last, and most important of all, the department of Agriculture was instituted. But the only land belonging to the College was a hundred acres surrounding its one building. No plow or harrow, not even a hoe was provided. No wagon or cart was furnished. No barn or shed was there to shelter



them had they been on the ground. The beginning of the College herd was a bull calf presented to the College by the Hon. G. W. Glick, a gentleman who has since been elected a State Governor. He was then and still is a true friend of the institution.

Such were the early equipments of the College. Nevertheless, it did work that compares very fairly with any done since. Some of the graduates of those days have been a great credit to their "Alma Mater."

From Reminiscences

By Rev. J. H. Lee

Written in 1909

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### EARLY TIMES IN KANSAS

East Spokane, Washington, March 8, 1906

My father, Samuel D. Dyer, was the first settler on the Big Blue. He came there in the spring of 1853, employed by the government to run the ferry at Juniata. In the fall the family moved there, traveling with teams from Ft. Scott, Kansas. We had one ox team and a team of horses. We drove our stock consisting of hogs, sheep and cattle. We could make but slow headway as the hogs and sheep could not travel very fast. We would camp nights and build a big fire and we children thought it great fun. Kansas, at least the country around Manhattan and "Old Juniata," was indeed a wilderness, our nearest neighbors from ten to twenty miles away, but often in later years have I shut my eyes and lived over those happy days.

Game of all kinds was abundant. Buffalo—yes great herds of them. My brother-in-law, George Jameson, and Mr. Jacobs, killed a big buffalo on McIntire creek. There was deer, wild turkey, prairie chicken, quails, wild geese, ducks and lots of wild parroquets when we first went there, but they soon left. Wolves, great big grey ones. I remember one time soon after we arrived on the Blue, we three youngest children, I was eleven, Martha thirteen and Mary eight, thought we could do a little exploring. We started off up the hill, we thought on the old government road, and we got lost. We thought we were going home but instead were going farther away all the time, and we might have been devoured by those fierce and ravenous wolves, but two of our brothers trailed us down where we had walked through the tall grass.

At another time Martha and I went out to see if there were any wolves in the wolf trap which my father kept set, and just as we started home after finding the trap empty, we heard the brush crack behind us and looking around, saw following us, two big grey wolves. Well I am sixty-three years old but if I should live to be a hundred I shall never forget those savage



looking beasts. I reckon we could have been eaten up that time sure had it not been that we had sense enough to walk backwards and as long as we were looking at them they simply followed until we fortunately met our brother William, with his gun and dogs. Of course he gave us a good scolding for being so venturesome, but I was not cured, not even to this day.

Once I went down the old Juniata hill to look after the sheep; as I was standing under a big cottonwood tree I heard a noise up in the branches. I looked up there right over me, was a big cat-looking thing lashing its tail. I ran up the hill, and that old hill was pretty steep, and told my father. He and two of the boys hurried down there and shot it. Well I have forgotten how long it was, but it was a panther, a very large one. I remember how frightened I was all night about it.

One time during the second summer after we came, we saw a terrible dust rising over the bottom. We got the field glass and discovered that it was caused by hundreds of Indians, all warriors. My father sent down the hill and got some men who were getting out bridge timber, and with our own family, all got in the house, hunted up all the firearms, axes, hatchets, and everything that could be used to defend ourselves, and waited for their attack. Well on they came and when they got there they discovered a large grindstone and went to grinding their knives and tomahawks. We thought our time had come and I remember feeling of my head, wondering how soon I would be scalped. However there was an interpreter with them who came to the door, my father went out and the interpreter told him that they did not mean to hurt us, that they were Oteas going down to fight the Commanches and he wanted father and all of the men to go out and smoke the pipe of peace. So then we children and our mother all got brave and went out and shook hands with some of them. There was about 300 warriors I think, but anyway they looked pretty scary, painted red and with red blankets. In about six weeks they came back but the brave warriors were over half gone. One poor fellow had been shot with an arrow and four Indians were carrying him on a rude stretcher made of rough poles. Father and Doctor Whitehorn dressed his wound and gave the agent some medicine for him. They went on and we never did hear whether the poor fellow got well or not.

I was the first patient Doctor Whitehorn had in Kansas. I had been staying with Mrs. Rosey. She lived on Wild Cat creek. Mr. Rosey had gone to Kansas City on business and she and her son, a very bad boy, Tunis, were alone. She came over to our house after one of us girls and as I was always foolhardy, mother let me go. Sister Lydia said that if I would stay until next Saturday she would come. Well she didn't come. Sunday morning I made up my mind to go home. There was a lot of Indians camped close to the house but I wasn't



much afraid of them as their squaws and papposes were with them and they were only hunting. So when Mrs. Rosey and Tunis went down to the spring after water, I left my dishwashing and struck out for home. I got lost and ran all over the place where Manhattan now stands. There wasn't a house there then. I got to the mouth of the Blue and had sense enough to follow the river up until I got home. It was in February and I caught such a cold that I was taken sick. It settled in my throat, a sort of erysipelas. Doctor Whitehorn had just come to the country and father had him doctor me although he afterwards said he had no confidence in him at the time. Well he brought me out all right though I was very bad and he was always our doctor after that.

When the cholera broke out in 1855 and all the doctors were leaving Fort Riley, he went there and never lost but one case. Well did I remember that epidemic. People fleeing from the country would stop at my father's house and they brought the cholera there. There were three members of our family taken sick in one night and two more the next night and I was one of them, but we all got well. Just across the river though, three teamsters were buried in the same grave, two in another and one in another. Those were scary times. My father kept travelers and to everyone that came along his latch string always hung out, to be pulled by everyone. My father had southern principles but he did not believe in slavery. He had friends on both sides fighting during the war. All the old settlers there will surely remember my parents. I remember one time father and Lon Garret kept a grocery and dry goods store and when Marsh Garret, a brother to Lon, was going down to Leavenworth to buy a stock of goods he said to my father, "Hadn't I better get some whiskey? It would sell well to the teamsters." My father said, "If you see any preacher that will come and preach to us bring him in place of whiskey." He met the Reverend Blood and brought him and Mrs. Blood back with him. Reverend Blood preached and Mrs. Blood taught school; five of our family, three of Allen's and Mr. Seth Child's two daughters were her scholars.

My mother dressed for the first time the first baby born in Manhattan, Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy's son. Reverend Wisner preached at our house many a time. He married my sister, Lydia, and George Jameson; my brother, William and Jane Hannar; John Dyer and Druzilla Hannar, Abraham Dyer and Minerva Randolph.

Oh, I could write a whole week and tell things that happened in the early settling of Kansas, but as I am just an old, uneducated woman, this may all be thrown in the waste basket, but some will remember Sarah A. Dyer, who grew up and married a union soldier at old Juniata, Kansas.

Sarah A. Woodard



## PIONEER LIFE AND SCHOOL DAYS

*(Extract from a paper by Mrs. Emma Haines Bowen.)*

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haines with their four little daughters, came to Kansas from Ohio in May 1856, making the trip by steamboat as far as Kansas City. They had planned to locate far enough west to escape the border warfare and near Ft. Riley for protection from Indians. They were glad of an opportunity to join a well armed wagon train of members of the Beecher Bible and Rifle Co., of Wabaunsee who were in Kansas City to get a mill for their colony.

When a few miles out of Kansas City the forests were left behind and the caravan entered the open prairie with its broad sweep of miles on miles of luxuriant grasses studded with the wild flowers of June—the joy of the immigrants knew no bounds. The father lifted the children all to the ground and they ran through the grass, caught up the flowers and sang: "O the wide prairies, the beautiful prairies"! The heart of the father beat fast at the promise of the new land. He contrasted the forests with which he struggled in his youth with these broad acres of rich soil all ready for plowing and planting, and at a price within his means.

The wagon trip to Zeandale, then in Wabaunsee county was made in a week, ending the long journey of a month. Within a few days they had located a claim on which the Haines family of six children grew up. The Rock Island Rail Road station stands directly east of this farm. Until they moved to their claim, they were made welcome to shelter by a neighbor from New York state, whose cabin of one room and loft, already housed their own family of six.

For several years the only school in the vicinity was a three month's summer term. Mr. Haines had been a teacher and the education of his children was a vital matter to both parents. After three years the eldest daughter was sent back to Ohio in care of friends that she might continue her education. When in the fall of 1863 The Agricultural College having succeeded to the site and holdings of Bluemont College, was preparing to open for students, this young lady was chosen as teacher of the preparatory department. At the same time the next younger sister entered as a student. When the winter term opened, the other two sisters began regular college work as it was then laid out. The girls did their own housekeeping including cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing.

There were two babies in the home now, but oh, how lonely it was with the older children all away! It was not the distance in miles that counted but the time and effort required to traverse it. How often did the father, in early morning, load his wagon with wood and other necessary supplies, and drive the slow patient oxen seven long miles over the muddy roads or through stinging cold only to find the river impassable and the journey useless. Or if the crossing was good, he could



reach his destination only in time for a few precious minutes of visiting and a hurried goodbye before he must set out on his return trip which lasted far into the night. Meantime the brave mother, with only the boy of five to help her, cared for the stock, milked many cows, churned and preformed the heavy tasks belonging to farm life. Again it was the mother who, carrying with her all she could, on her sidesaddle, went on horseback to visit the girls. On each trip was ever present the haunting fear, till the river was reached, that a broken cable, a sand bar, or floating ice would prevent crossing. The parents, in courage and enthusiasm, were well matched by the spirit of the young teacher, who was also care-taker and home maker for the three sisters. Confidently did the parents anticipate the day when, the College course completed, their children should take places in the world's work, making to it a contribution worthy of the investment they were making.

The summer of 1860 was one long to be remembered. The corn crop of the year before was so heavy that there was no market for it. Some used it for fuel and others left it in the fields to be burned in the spring. Our pioneer, with wise regard for possible future failures, carefully cribbed his surplus. One fine summer day in 1860, as the farmer gave the final cultivation to his dark green corn, he noticed that already the graceful blades swept the oxyoke. He rejoiced in the promised abundance which would insure growth and increase of his sleek cattle and fat hogs. These would furnish means for necessities and comforts yet unattained and for educating the children. Perhaps he could, while land was cheap, buy more land. The sun was very hot. A breeze which, in the morning, had been cool and refreshing, was becoming a fierce hot wind. The corn blades rolled, withered and drooped. The relentless blasts ceased not till their cruel work was done, and only dried parched leaves remained where once had been life and beauty. When autumn came there was a great demand for corn and but little to meet the demand. Cattle were a drug on the market and were offered for corn. They were accepted at liberal prices. Many were thus saved from suffering, till help came for those in real need, through the Emigrant Aid Society.

Oh "The Price of the Prairies" paid by these pioneers in toil, privation, sickness, suffering and self abnegation, that their children might grow into useful members of society and that the young state might reach its present place of honor in the national sisterhood.



## THE SUNNY SIDE OF PIONEER LIFE

Friends: I do not feel capable of entertaining you with my exceedingly simple narrative of my pioneer experiences in the settling of this country, I have nothing wonderful, nothing out of the ordinary experiences of all the early settlers. Perhaps nothing so interesting as many others, for I never suffered for food or clothing or shelter, and in listening to the related experiences of others I have always felt inclined to disagree with them in as much as they seemed to think they had passed through trying ordeals, such was not the case with me. For at no subsequent period of my life did I ever experience so much unalloyed happiness.

We pitched our tent on Deep Creek, March 27, 1855, one bright sunshiney day. Our little colony consisted of fifteen persons, E. R. McCurdy and family of four children of which I was the eldest, John McCormick, C. P. Donald and Mrs. Hull and children.

We brought horses, oxen, cows and chickens and dogs. We came prepared to make our homes on Kansas soil. We had passed on our way to this ideal spot, a small store at Silver Lake and one house below Wabaunsee inhabited by a Frenchman and his family.

Some tents on the Wabaunsee townsite and that was all, yet we did not feel lonely, we believed that no one that has not experienced the sensation of being the very first inhabitants of a hitherto unsettled country can be made to realize the exhilarating effect that this fact has upon the early settlers, as words are useless.

We were in a new world, as it were living a new life, a life as free as the air we breathe, free from all conventionalities, almost but not quite as free as the red men, yet freer for knowledge, unhampered by the conventionalities of the so called civilized life, and not bound by the dense ignorance of the savage, must be the freest yet attained by man.

Especially to those provided with provisions as we were, if it was only flour, cornmeal and bacon. We also had plows, hoes and cultivators, and knew how to co-operate with the soil in order to get more food when that we had should be consumed. But our house-keeping devices were exceedingly simple as there was not even a stove in the colony, and our cooking was all done by fires built of logs and brush out in the open. But while this was extremely romantic it was not always comfortable. But it was very interesting to sit around a blazing fire of logs with the stars shining above us and listen to the music of the coyotes on the not far distant hills, and the hooting of the owls in our near woods, how they did laugh when they had been asking "who, who are you" and receive no answer. But we did not always sit by the fire under the stars and listen to the serenaders, much as we enjoyed to do so



There was work to do and each and every one was eager to begin, to cut down trees, hew logs, saw timber to make shingles, for strange as it may seem we really did make shingles. Though I think our first cabin was covered with clapboards and our first floor was made of split hewed logs, called puncheons. And by the time our cabins were completed it was time to break the sod and plant, of which we did every thing that pertains to a first class farm, up-to-date, but of course on a limited scale, raised plenty of sod corn the first year and an abundance of all kinds of vegetables for the table.

For a long time we knew no township, county or state, our neighbors were the Indians, wolves, deer, antelope, turkeys, prairie chickens, skunks, rattle-snakes and copperheads and many other kinds of snakes not so poisonous. But long before we were tired of our isolated condition, new neighbors were coming, mostly from the east and north. Our colony however represented Virginia, Missouri and Alabama, so we were a various people and spoke various languages. We said corn-bread, they said Johnny-cake, we said clap-boards, they said shakes, we said mighty pretty and right smart and they said you be, be you? and many other yankee phrases that have long since become extinct in Kansas. Our earliest neighbors on the south were Josiah Pillsbury and family and Burleighs. Pillsbury was afterwards post-master in Manhattan, and Horace Tabor, who afterwards went to Colo., and engaged in mining, became a millionaire. Andrew and William Marshall on upper Deep Creek, but Abner Allen of lower Zeandale was our pioneer flower and fruit raiser. Robert Earle with a large family engaged in the cultivation of sweet potatoes. A colony from Connecticut, headed by C. B. Lines founded the town of Wabaunsee. On Antelope Creek nine miles distant was our dear friend and neighbor James Bisbee and family.

Also across the Kansas river the town site of St. George was laid out and a drygoods store built and occupied by a man by the name of Chapman from St. Joseph, Missouri. Also a blacksmith shop by Wash Gallaspie, he and his estimable wife were the parents of a large family of interesting boys and girls. Their home was head quarters for all that was musical, social and whole-hearted. They were the grandparents of Mrs. Roy Eakins of this city.

In those days we did not lack for amusement, for Rollin Moses later of this city and then of Zeandale, taught singing school every two weeks and in between times we had spelling schools or spelling matches and our cabins were full at all times. We also had religious services they were held in our homes, by Rev. Blood, Elder Wisner from Manhattan and Rev. Jones of Wabaunsee. But when word was out that some one of the neighbors were going to be surprised, everyone would cook the best he could and load all into the wagons, drawn by



oxen and go as far as nine miles to attend one of these informal parties, then is when standing room was all taken.

We were socialistic, to a great extent, we exchanged books with every one and were very enthusiastic politically. The New York Tribune was the weekly and welcome visitor in our homes, it filled us with enthusiasm on a coming presidential election, with jokes and jests and rhymes which the younger members set to old tunes and sang such as this:

Old Buckhannan has no wife  
And has lived a bachelor all his life;  
And hopes to be the White House lassie  
Instead of Fremont's charming Jessie.

Now the beauty, the charm, the altogether lovely feature of this life to me was its freedom, its naturalness, its simplicity, so free from artificiality; its unselfishness, its humanity, its faith in mankind.

Mary E. McDonald

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#### THIS PAPER WAS WRITTEN BY RICHARD KIMBALL FOR THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The year 1860 was a very dry season. We had no rain all summer and no crops, but we had old corn left from the year before, so were more fortunate than many settlers who came in later and had to depend on the charity of good friends in the east.

I thought it would be a good time to see the country farther west even to Pikes Peak and Denver, and concluded to take a load of corn meal west with me to sell to the miners. After getting it ground, I sifted it all by hand, some 3000 pounds, and rigged up my wagon with three pair of oxen. About the middle of August, in company with Amariah Kalloch, who had a load of flour and bacon for Henry Strong, we started, Kalloch driving four pairs of oxen. We drove as far as Madison Creek and camped there the next day which was Sunday where we were joined by Dr. Spinney and his driver, Thomas Ryan, also by George Avery and Henry Whiting, each with a wagon loaded with shelled corn. We were off Monday morning with five teams of 32 oxen and a pony, also one small milk cow which I took along tied behind my wagon for the first hundred miles, after which I turned her loose and she followed like a dog.

Our route after striking the Republican river was the old military route from Ft. Riley to Ft. Kearney. The farther west settlers were the Hellers on Elk Creek, now Clyde. We lay over one day at Lake Sibley near where Concordia now stands. We had killed some buffalo, but nothing but old bulls. Three of us, Kalloch, Avery and myself took our guns



and got ready to cross the river, telling the rest we would bring back an antelope or a buffalo calf. This we found pretty hard to do. There were no antelope to be found, and the cows and calves kept well in the center of the herd, with the bulls on the outside, but after working around until late in the afternoon we got a shot at a calf and soon saw by his actions that a bullet had struck him. Soon he lay down and we let him lie till we thought he must be dead when we walked up and Kalloch put his foot on him. At this he jumped up and bounded away. I was ready for this, and fired breaking his neck. It was now almost night. We hurriedly skinned it and were just ready to start, when looking up we saw the old cow coming with her head down. Kallock said "Lets all give her a shot at once" and the others fired. Luckily I held my shot for close quarters for both of their shots either missed or did not take effect, and they ran as fast as they could to the east, I ran south about 5 rods and dropped on one knee with my ounce of lead ready. She paid no attention to me, but gave chase to my two companions, both of whom were running as fast as they could go. As the angry buffalo passed me I fired and broke her shoulder. At the sound of my gun my two friends looked back to see the cow fall and then rise to hobble on three legs. They could not understand how I had been able to load so quickly until I explained that I had not fired at first, luckily for them. Gathering what meat we thought we could carry as it was nearly dark, we started for camp, which we believed to be about five miles to the north. After traveling for an hour or more, we could see a dim light away to the right of the direction we were taking and concluded that it must be our camp fire as it had been agreed if any of us were missing after dark the others should build a fire that would make as much light as possible. Except for this fire we could not have found the camp that night. Soon our road left the Republican for the little Blue. Here we had a long drive without water. It being very hot weather we thought it best to make a night drive so we started about five in the afternoon, driving to the Little Blue without stopping. When we reached the river which was nearly morning of the next day, we had hard work to keep our thirsty cattle from rushing headlong into the water before we could unhitch them from the wagons. We stopped there for 24 hours, then on the Platte River, following the river to Ft. Kearney, traveling nearly 20 miles a day, six days in the week. Forty miles west we crossed Plum Creek. All this time since passing Clay Centre we had never been out of sight of buffalo and sometimes so plentiful were they that they became a nuisance. This lasted 200 miles and we had to watch that they did not stampede our cattle.

When within 25 miles of Denver one of my oxen died, and Kalloch loaned me one of his whose mate was sick to make out



my team. I poisoned some meat and dropped the pieces around on the ground near the dead ox and next morning found two large gray wolves lying dead near it.

We arrived in Denver just five weeks from the time we left home. Soon after leaving the Platte, we had been overtaken and joined by a man named Pardon Davis with two teams and a man named Bradley who drove one team for him. When about half way to Denver, Avery and Whiting sold their loads of corn at a stage station and started back. We sold half our loads in Denver. I received 8 cents a pound for my corn meal. Then we went on up Clear Creek 40 miles to Gregory and Blackhawk where we received 9 cents a pound for the rest of our meal. This was about November 1st, and now there came two inches of snow, making us think it was time to start for home. After getting back to Denver the merchants all advised us to go down the Platt, but being afraid of a snow storm we decided to go farther south. There had been a new road laid out that year by a man named Green Russel, called the new Smoky Hill route. The Denver merchants told us if we were going that way we had better make our wills before we started and send our dust by express, for one of Russel's men had lately been killed by the Kiowas, but we were more afraid of a big snow storm than we were of Indians and our decision proved to be good, for before we were half way home there were two feet of snow on the Platte. If we had taken that route our cattle would have starved. The rain and sleet that we had on our route were hard on our cattle, but still they were able to get at the grass even if it was short. I was soaked by the rain while herding the cattle and we had nothing with which to build a fire as the buffalo chips were all wet except a few in the wagon, that we had saved to do our cooking with, but Kalloch and I had 7 buffalo robes, we had traded for from some Apache Indians, giving 7 pints of brown sugar in exchange. I crawled into these wet and cold as I was and came out warm and dry in the morning.

The second day of our journey was election day and we held an election in our camp. The vote stood five for Lincoln and two for Douglas. We told our two Democrats that that would be about the way the vote would stand in the States but they were very confident that Douglas would be elected.

We traveled south about 80 miles, then southeast until we struck the Big Sandy, a branch of the Arkansas that we followed for several days, then across a little north of east to the Smoky Hill. About half way across this country the company that had laid out this road had dug a well. This new road was marked by sod mounds which answered all right for markers until we struck the buffalo country. The buffaloes had made playthings of these mounds, and they became hard to find. On account of the condition of our cattle and the shortness of grass, we could travel only ten or twelve miles a day. We



had to tie the cattle up at night for fear of Indians who might run them off. They became very poor and not being shod, their feet became so worn that they left bloody tracks. When this happened we would have to throw them, and tie on a buffalo hide moccasin for them to wear until the foot was healed again.

When we had been upon the road about a week we saw far back along the trail some objects moving toward us but were unable to make out what they were. We asked an Indian who was standing near. He pointed to a wagon and held up one finger, then to the cattle and held up one finger, then to me and held up three fingers; one wagon, one yoke of oxen, and three white men. This proved to be correct, the men being an old man and his two sons, 16 and 18 who lived at Council Grove. They had been out to Pikes Peak to make their fortune, and, fortuneless, were trying to get back home. We had seen them in Denver and they had wanted us to wait a few days for them to finish a contract of hauling some wood, as they could not get their money unless they finished. They had not seemed a very desirable addition to our party, as they had but one small rifle. After studying over it a few days they started in to overtake us without their money and very little provision. The day they overtook us, they had cooked the last of their flour, and we had to feed them for the rest of their trip or they would have starved. I asked the old man if he were not crazy to start as he did, what would have become of him if he had not overtaken us. He said he expected to kill enough game to live on, if he failed in that he would have been compelled to kill one of his oxen and leave the wagon. On the whole trip they killed only a buffalo calf. I told him the Indians would have gotten them anyway. They were scouting about us much of the time, hoping to catch us off our guard or some one of us out hunting. At this time the Indians were mostly armed only with bow and arrows, not one in twenty had fire arms of any kind, while we were heavily armed. Spinney had a rifle that would shoot 13 shots without stopping to reload, so altogether we had 40 shots ready all the time. Five of us were on guard until midnight, when we woke the other five, who were on guard until morning. This we kept up until we were satisfied we were completely out of the Indian country. Not many days later we ran into a tribe of Arapahoes that seemed to be very friendly. We were very anxious to find out where the Kiowas were, but these Indians all claimed that they could not speak nor understand English. We noticed one Mexican among them, and Kalloch said "I believe that fellow understands every word we say, and I will catch him yet." Kalloch seated himself before the fire just in front of the Mexican and all was very quiet for a few minutes when Kalloch jumped up and pointing his finger in the Mexican's face said "You can talk English." "No sir," the Mexican



answered, while the rest of us all laughed at him. Seeing he was caught he talked freely with us afterward, telling us the Kiowas were camped 20 miles south on the Walnut. This relieved us greatly at it was this tribe that had killed one of Green Russel's men that summer. I am inclined to believe that had all these Indians been armed as they were four years later we would never have come through alive, as it was a long tedious journey. Our route after we struck the Smoky was between that and the Saline, never in sight of the latter until we got well down to where the city of Salina now stands.

But to go back to where we saw our last Indians. I managed to keep our party in buffalo meat most of the time, as I killed all that were killed except one calf. The boys used to claim that I had charmed bullets. One dark foggy night our cattle which were yoked and chained to the wagons seemed very uneasy, kept lowing, rattling their chains and shaking the wagons. I jumped out with my gun, and seeing some dark objects west of us, though very indistinct in the fog, I guessed they were buffalo, and fired to frighten them. There was a great noise as of running buffalo and I went back to bed. In the morning I could see some dark object lying in the direction I had shot, and going up to investigate, found I had shot a fine fat buffalo cow. How they all rejoiced for now we had nearly a hundred pounds of meat apiece. This was particularly fortunate, as we did not dare at this time to go far from the wagon to hunt for fear of the Indians. About ten days later our supply of flour was exhausted and for ten days after this we had to live on buffalo meat and coffee. Then we met some hunters who let us have a little flour, and some elk meat, though we did not think the elk meat quite as good as the buffalo. Where the military road from Ft. Riley to Ft. Larned crossed the Smoky there had once been a bridge called the old Kaw bridge. Here we found seven or eight hunters and trappers who had built them a good block house with an underground passage to the spring. Here we got a little more flour, enough to last us to the present site of Salina where we found a few families living in tents and wagons. We got some corn meal and milk from them and had mush and milk for supper. Here we first heard of Lincoln's election.

Soon after passing the site of Salina, we met my brother Mell and brother-in-law Horace Eells coming out to look for us. Mr. Eells and my sister Cordelia had been married on Christmas.

We had been on the road from the first of November until nearly the middle of January. Our old man and his two sons had left us at Salina for Council Grove. They spread a blanket on the ground and gave us a feast of mince pies and doughnuts. It was our Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years dinners together. I then took Mr. Eells pony, and rode home



that day, the others arrived a few days later, and this ended my first trip across the plains.

With a team of horses I then went to Ft. Leavenworth, taking the gold dust for our crowd, and bringing back currency, the dust being worth from 18 to 20 dollars an ounce.

The following March Lincoln became President, and we began to hear rumors of secession, which soon ripened into something more than rumor, as the firing on Ft. Sumter, and the call for three hundred thousand men for the army made stirring times. There seemed to be no trouble in getting men faster than they could arm them, and in the spring of 62, Henry Strong and I got ready for another trip to Denver, leaving here on the 12th of May. Mr. Strong fitted out two teams, one of which he hired my brother Mell to drive, and I fitted out one team with four pair of oxen and a load of flour. Montgomery Wisner went with us, paying his fare by herding the cattle nights, riding and sleeping daytimes. I took the same little cow along that had already crossed the plains twice with me. I had a milk can to keep our sour milk in, and occasionally I would find little lumps of butter in it churned by the motion of the wagon. On this trip we saw plenty of buffalo and Indians but had no trouble with them. We sold our loads in Denver, also our teams, Mr. Strong keeping one span of mules and a pair of oxen to haul the wagons back. He and I came back with the mules in 15 days reaching home the last of July. Times were looking dark, and the war had not progressed as we had hoped.

There was a call for three regiments from Kansas, the 11th 12th and 13th, there were four young men in our neighborhood who had said they would enlist if I would, and on the 13th day of August 1863 we enlisted in G company 11th Kansas volunteers at Manhattan, electing for Captain N. A. Adams, First Lieutenant, Lew Gove, 2nd Lieutenant, A. C. Pierce who brought the Company 25 men from Junction City. We were taken to Camp Lyon between Leavenworth City and the Fort where the 11th regiment was organized and drilled for a couple of months and then ordered south, where during the winter they took part in the battles of Cone Hill, Prairie Grove, and other smaller ones. On this trip I was left behind sick in the general hospital at Leavenworth City, where I remained for about six weeks then was sent to the Post Battery at the Fort, where I remained the rest of the winter drilling as driver on one of the guns.



## RILEY COUNTY CONDITIONS IN 1854

*(From Reminiscences of Amos H. Powers, furnished by Miriam and Edith Powers)*

I was born at Deer Isle, Hancock County, Maine. I followed the sea; coasting and fishing. In the summer of 1854, with my uncle, Moody B. Powers, I started for Kansas. My uncle left his family in Kansas City and we came on afoot to Juniata, the old military crossing on the Blue river, arriving there November 24th. S. D. Dyer from Tennessee kept the hotel, the only dwelling there. It was built of logs, three stories long and with three rock chimneys from three big fireplaces. Marsh Garrett kept the grocery store in another log building. My uncle and I took claims on what is now Carnhan Creek. His cabin was not yet finished when he got word that some of his family were sick. He started at once on foot leaving me to make the house habitable. It was a large cabin, 18 foot square, with gables and a roof of 3 foot bur oak splits. In Kansas City Uncle hired a team and got back with his family in Dec., just before the first snowstorm. I was away and grew worried about the family for the cabin was still very open. I faced the storm four miles that night to find them all in bed and already covered with snow. The bedsteads were made of forked sticks driven into the ground—there was no floor. Poles laid across these were securely fastened to the logs. Oak spilts formed the bottoms and a tick filled with prairie feathers (grass) was the bed. Uncle had stretched sheets over all the beds but mine to keep the snow off. I crawled under mine and slept more securely for before morning the sheets broke down with the weight of the snow which was far more a comfortable situation for those underneath. The snow was six inches deep in the cabin. I was the first one up in the morning and built a big fire. Soon the melting snow made the ground floor muddy so we brought in hay and covered it.

This was the only snow that winter and only once did the Kaw river freeze hard enough to bear up a man. I wrote home that Kansas was like a garden of Italy with a climate fit for the gods; but when spring came with its wind and dust, I wrote no more glowing letters to the folks in Maine. The following year came the severest winter I have ever experienced. The first time I saw the site of the present town of Manhattan, there was only one little log cabin, built, by a trapper, which was vacant at the time. After several changes of location, I bought a quarter section of land on Deep Creek, about one third of a mile west of Pillsbury's Crossing, and March 1st, 1866, moved here where we now live. (Here he lived fifty six years, passing on September 10th 1922.)

One of the most stirring periods of early Kansas life for me was running the ferry across the Blue. This ferry crossed



the river from the Brous place to the street were Mr. Gove lived; just north of the ravine at the foot of Bluemont. I was employed by Henry Laffer and was given full charge, all the help I wanted and \$75 a month. The ordinary travel was easily cared for but when the government train came along from Leavenworth to Ft. Riley, things grew pretty lively. The wagonmaster never failed to tell me he was in a great hurry to cross, nor I to answer: "Give me plenty of men and I will put you over doublequick." Among the drivers in the train I could generally find men who had been on the Lakes. These I would station at the ropes and ten or a dozen on the hand line. The run across would make the old boat whiz as it scooted through the water. There was a snubbing post on each bank at the ropes. At the ends of the boat I would put a freshwater sailor. Before the boat struck the landing, the men would jump and catch a turn around the snubbing post; I at the windlass would adjust the boat to the landing, and out the mules would go on the run. In this way we used to put over fifty-six mule teams in forty five minutes. Sometimes there would be two or three such trains a day, besides a lot of other travel.

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## TWICE TOLD TALES—SOME STORIES OF OUR EARLY KANSAS SETTLERS

In preparing this paper I decided to write only of the two pioneers that I know best, James M. Harvey and Charlotte Richardson Cutter Harvey. What more natural than that my parents should become pioneers, as they were both descended from pioneers of the early colonial period and both were of English and Scotch descent. My mother's colonial ancestors settled in eastern Massachusetts and in New Jersey, my father's in Botetourt county and Orange ( now Greene county) Virginia.

My parents came to our Riley county home in 1859. I was born there in 1870 and my first distinct childhood memories of the place are of the summer of 1875, memories of sunny days playing in the orchard, for by that time the wilds had been made to "blossom as the rose." My father had realized at once the necessity for tree planting and my mother's brothers, the Cutters, were nurserymen. Such an orchard would be a marvel now in these days when Kansas fruit is so often frost or drought smitten, curculie stung, or riddled by codling moth. In this orchard besides apples there were lilacs, clumps of wild plums, honey-sweet Seckel pears and Bartletts, and old-fashioned peaches of which I remember some very large yellow ones and another kind red from skin to pit. I remember watching with childish wonder the enthusiasm of a visitor who exclamations of delight would gather her over-skirt full of



apples only to drop them and gather others seemingly more lovely. We children knew them all and the degree of flavor and juiciness covered by the skins of scarlet, gold, or stripes.

A grove of locust trees lay just north of the orchard. As a practical experiment in timber raising it was not a success but, oh, the sweetness of its creamy blossoms, and the delightful atmosphere of mystery that seemed to dwell within calling distance of the house.

But to turn again to earlier days, in April 1859, a party of twelve young men left western Illinois bound for the reputed gold fields of Pike's Peak. They traveled in covered wagons. Among these men was James M. Harvey then in his twenty-sixth year. His diary of the journey lies before me as I write. It gives the record of each day. Among the places they passed through I note Hannibal, St. Joseph, and Doniphan county. Frequently the young surveyor described the stopping places by section, township and range numbers only. Seneca was described as a pretty place. The diary told of meeting or overtaking many other travelers, a train of wagons from New Mexico, many coming home from California, and several times they met old acquaintances. Reaching the Big Blue they crossed it by ferry and traveled northwest into Nebraska. When they reached a point not far west of Fort Kearney they met so many disappointed men returning from Pike's Peak with discouraging tales they concluded its promise must have been somewhat like that of the traditional rainbow's end. There the company divided, some going on to California and the others, including my father returned to Kansas going by way of Fort Kearney and Fort Riley.

On Sunday, June 12, they rested in Batcheller (now Milford (Geary county)). The next day they went to Fort Riley "a beautiful place" to quote the diary. They went into camp at Ogden where the land office was located. A few days later my father took his compass and looked over the surrounding country. To quote the diary "I found good land, good water, and stone, I camped at Mr. Water's and took compass and made survey of SE 1-4 Sec. 35, T 10S, R 5E, and was pleased with it."

He at once took the team and hauled some logs for the beginning of a cabin, thus founding a home. In all the broad expanse of prairie there was no house in sight although, hidden by the hills and timber, the home of M. D. Waters was less than two miles to the east and that of James Dixon about three miles southwest.

Later in the summer my mother and the little daughter and son joined him, happy to be together again, and little dreaming what trials were before them in the near future,—the drouth of 1860, the Civil War, and the death of the little son and his infant sister.



In later years my parents seldom spoke of the darker trials they went through. Father told us little in after years of the sad and difficult experiences during the Civil War. He and my mother spoke little of their deep sorrow or of the loneliness of the new home so far from their old friends. They spoke of cheerful little makeshifts to make the best of things. Charles Dickens was the popular novelist of that time and they told of enjoying his novels which they read aloud. They told of their interest in what was new to them in the animal and the plant life of the prairies. My mother loved the prairie flowers some of which are especially lovely,—the wild rose, the cactus blossom, the sensitive plant, and the white and the yellow primrose. The last flower is the only wild flower I can remember hearing father speak of as being beautiful. Because they loved these flowers is why I like the war-time poem by a Kansas poet, Willard Wattles. The first stanza of this poem gives a beautiful and distinctive picture of two of the loveliest of the prairie flowers:—

"Upon the hills of Funston the yellow primrose glows,  
And tangled in the grasses is the shy, four-petaled rose,  
With its golden dust of pollen and the wild bees hurrying  
Through the green aisles of the summer like small, blazing suns a-wing."

In the earliest days many a settler from miles away to the north or west, overtaken by night or storm on his way to Ogden to file upon his claim, sought shelter in the little log cabin which was our parents' first home. No matter if such hospitality was often difficult it was not refused as to deny it meant often suffering or danger to the traveler. I do not know by what trail these travelers reached the Harvey claim. No great trail came near it although there was one known as the Mormon Trail which passed about one-half mile from where the cabin stood. I have understood that this trail had been made by a band of Mormons, at what date I do not know, possibly before the founding of Fort Riley in 1853. These Mormons came across Kansas from Kansas City to the site of Fort Riley, then, turning abruptly to the northwest, crossed what is now the military reservation and traveled on to reach the great main trail across Nebraska to Utah. When I can first remember this trail it consisted of about eight parallel roads, some very deeply gullied. Probably in some parts of this trail's length its gullies may still vex farmers who know nothing of its history. Only very recently were the last signs of its effaced where it crossed our land.

The following pioneer incident was contributed to my paper by my oldest sister whose name I append to her story:—

"The Latch-String,—When It Did Not Hang Out."

"I do not know where was coined the expression for hospitality 'The latch-string always hangs out', but it is a good rule and we were early taught by precept and example to respect



it. But like all good rules it is liable to exceptions, and it is of this I write. The incident in itself is trivial indeed, but in my mind it looms large because of its being one of my earliest memories.

"I was but three years old when my parents and with their little girl and boy crossed the Mississippi and 'settled' in Riley county, Kansas. We had there a new log cabin with one door innocent of lock, or key or bar, or chain. Our strong wooden latch fitted into a hand-made wood socket, and these in place, closed a leather string which hung there ready to lift the latch from its socket on the inside. When the inmates wished to leave home and to leave the door closed with safety in their absence, they withdrew the leather string through its perforation from the outside to the inside of the house, stepping outdoors, closed the door with a bang and the latch closed with a decided snap. What could be simpler? The door presented a bold, unbroken front. All ingress was prohibited. But this had its disadvantages; particularly so when the family returned at night from the distant fort, or equally distant neighbors. The dark little cabin was equally forbidding to foe or friend. No use to knock at that door. The one window of the house, a single sash, was placed in the south wall inconveniently high and small for paterfamilias to scale and enter for he was of rather heroic proportions. But little Clara was just the right size to be lifted in loving arms to the open window and to creep over its rude sill. I sometimes think that even my parents did not realize the amount of courage which their little daughter exercised in performing this simple feat. Night,—a blur of cabin, a sea of rustling prairie grass,—but these as nothing compared to the unknown darkness within doors. Many an older heart might feel a quaking throb, let alone the little four-year-old. She sat a hesitant instant on the window-ledge, then slowly put down one foot after the other in search of the table which should be just beneath her. From the table her feet sought the chair left there in the morning for this purpose. At last with beating heart she reached the uneven floor. With closed eyes and hands held out in front she made her way to the door, pushed up the wooden latch, the door swung open and she was joyfully gathered into the arms of her waiting family.

"I rejoice that I thus early began to share these and similar pioneer experiences. Students of child psychology will agree that this small seed of courage and helpfulness, thus early stimulated and exercised was good training for later years.

"I do not know just whose Revolutionary blood fired my young veins that memorable night but I do know that the situation called for all the urge that heroic ancestry could supply."



Prentis's Kansas History says of the droughth of 1860: "Aside from the political strife and anxiety, Kansas witnessed the coming of the driest natural calamity recorded in the country's history. From the 19th of June 1859, until November 1860, over sixteen months, not a shower fell to soak the earth."

A few years ago I asked my mother about this droughth but she did not remember that it was quite so bad in this region as she remembered that they raised some corn on the new sod, their first crop in Kansas.

When we were small and would ask our father questions about battles he would say, "You are too small to hear about such things," but when we were older it was seldom the more distressing incidents he told. I have heard him tell one battle incident which I will relate. A severe all day battle was raging. My father being a captain had a negro man to look after his baggage and meals. Early in the battle the whites of this man's eyes became very prominent and he disappeared only to appear long after dark bringing his captain strange refreshment after the stress of battle, chunks of cold corn bread, with this ghastly explanation, "Got it offen a Secessh."

In war time while John Wilkes Booth was playing in St. Louis my father went with other officers to hear him. The group in uniform made a line of army blue in the audience. From the stage Booth noted this and they plainly saw the glowering looks he cast that way indicating his hatred of the cause they represented.

Writing of Booth reminds me of an earlier incident. I have heard my father tell how before he came to Kansas he went to hear one of the famous Lincoln and Douglas debates. Douglas, the polished and popular orator spoke first. During Douglas's speech my father watched Lincoln who was his political ideal, possibly a little disappointed at Lincoln's air of sad abstraction. But, ah, his speech disproved his inattentive air.

Our parents had no trouble with the Indians. Occasionally small groups of them came by, seeking water for themselves and their ponies, and one night a large band of them made such noisy demonstrations between Fort Riley and the little Harvey home that my parents and our uncle thought it a wise precaution to mould more bullets, but they were not needed, probably because the fort was so near. You remember in your Kansas History that Governor Crawford resigned his office as governor to lead the "Nineteenth" a volunteer regiment of cavalry, against the Indians after their massacres of settlers in Ottawa, Mitchell, and Republic counties. This was in 1868. Once while out this way Governor Crawford came by on horseback for a talk with Father who was to be his successor in the governor's office after Lieutenant-Governor Nehemiah Green



of Manhattan had become governor and filled out the few remaining weeks of Governor Crawford's term.

After terms in both houses of the state legislature James M. Harvey was elected governor of Kansas in 1868 at the age of thirty-five. He was re-elected in 1870. Recently I have been reading his messages to the state legislature, in them he urged that every means be used to encourage immigration. During those four years a fine class of settlers came in great numbers from eastern and southern states and Kansas received also some of her most valued European immigrants, the colonies of Welsh in Riley county, English in Clay county, Scotch in Dickinson county, and Swedes in Saline county.

In these days of universal woman's suffrage I have been reminded of what I heard my father say concerning his attitude toward it during his terms as governor. He was in favor of it in those days when it was not at all "fashionable" to encourage and give respectful attention to early day speakers for the cause.

The year 1874 was the worst grasshopper year. I remember standing on the porch and looking up to see the grasshoppers apparently rain down from the sun, but of course realized little of the import of such an invasion. After such disasters the covered wagons were eastward not westward bound. Some of these returning settlers were of the order of "a reed shaken with the wind," not the material of which pioneers are made. "That the whole world might see," some had in large print upon their wagon covers their unflattering opinion of Kansas.

But many who were forced by circumstances to give up were of a different order. I remember my father talking with these men and questioning them concerning conditions in that part of the state from which they had come. I feel sure that if the little girl standing on the ground had had more knowledge of striving and disappointments she could have read in the faces of many of these men the story of baffled hopes, nay, almost despair, but a courage that would make the surrender only a temporary one. But, as it was, the child was far more interested in the little faces under the shelter of the wagon cover, envying the children who had before them an interesting journey and breakfasts, dinners, and suppers all picnic meals cooked over a campfire.

When my brother Jim and I were small children Lillian used to tell us an original continued story which she called "The Riley County Travel." It represented the Harvey family and several families that were their best friends going upon a long journey in a caravan of covered wagons. The joys and adventures of the children were the theme of the story. Very interesting we found this story but I know now it was far from being true to life. It told of no cold rains, heavy roads, scorching winds, or piercing blizzards, no difficulties in finding supplies or water, and in all the large company there were



no misunderstandings or disagreements. This imaginative story had its inspiration in a trip our parents had made several years before the birth of the story-teller or her listeners.

Our parents and several neighbors went westward in their covered wagons, not for adventure or pleasure but for the prosaic purpose of getting a supply of buffalo meat. This expedition was successful as great herds of buffaloes were found in the Saline river valley about seventy miles from home. The story of this hunt was one of the true stories we used to ask our mother to tell us. With small children's keen appreciation of stories we used to ask our mother to tell and re-tell different ones. A few that I remember are as follows:—the wild animal stories of the coyotes that chased the little dog to the shelter of the house, and the badger that stole a pig and carried it into his burrow; the story of the older children's pet prairie dog which, escaping, turned a deaf ear to their endearing entreaties that it give up its new found freedom and return to them; the story of the young work horse that, while grazing near the house, was stampeded by a heard of fleet antelope, and, forgetting that he was by no means fleet, went with them dropping farther and farther behind but going on across the prairies farther than sight could follow. After listening to these stories of earlier times often one of us would make this discontented comment, "Nothing ever happens now."

In those days pictures too were a great source of interest to us. Particularly interesting were the illustrations in W. E. Webb's "Buffalo Land." Its illustrations are from drawings by Henry Worrall of Kansas, and photographs. We used to pore for hours over these pictures,—Indians, buffaloes, coyotes, prairie dog towns, prairie fires, unusual geological formations, and the strange prehistoric creatures of the sea which once covered the plains.

Prairie fires so often a menace to the settler never did any great damage here, although I remember one that in the middle of a winter night got within two hundred yards of the house. Father and the hired man were fighting it and our mother waited indoors with children awakened and dressed ready, if it became necessary to run to the plowed land carrying valuable papers, and not forgetting Pedro, the Brazilian canary that Father had brought us from Washington.

We watched this fire race through the school yard, stopping where the children's play had worn the ground bare so it only looked in at the little windows and went onward to the military reservation where for miles and miles nothing would check its onward progress. Naturally such midnight alarms left their impress upon young minds. From our south windows we could see the Geary county hills east of the Kansas river and to the southwest the hills beyond the Republican river. Often at night we used to watch on those hills the twinkling,



sparkling, wavering lines of prairie fires; and memory brings to me the picture of a little boy standing on a chair at the window, his troubled brown eyes fixed upon the fire lines on the distant horizon, and content to turn from his vigil and join the others in the lighted room only upon being assured that rivers flowed between us and those fires. Even so years have intervened between us and those days of which I write.

I am glad that my parents were undaunted by the early hardships and dangers; and glad that they had a hand in the building of our state. Because I have written of them, do not think that I do not appreciate the many other early settlers some of whom I knew and loved but knew little or nothing of their earliest days here. To all the state-builders we may apply these lines from a poem by Ella Higginson:—

“TO THE PIONEERS OF THE WEST”

“Would God that we, their children, were as they  
Great souled, brave hearted and of dauntless will;  
Ready to dare, responsive to the still,  
Compelling voice that called them night and day  
Biding her time. \* \* \* \* \*

Clara Harvey White

## SOME OF THE PIONEER AMUSEMENTS

*(Extracts from a paper by Mrs. Anna Pillsbury Young.)*

As many of you know, my father was for many years county surveyor. One time while driving with him over the prairie, guided by his compass, he stopped his horses on the crest of a bluff—not a habitation was in sight, scarcely a tree—just a rolling sea of green grass. I can hear him say: “These are wonderful days in which to live. Some day this land will all be settled and under cultivation—the rich will own it. The less rich and the poor will be crowded into the cities; not in my time, perhaps in yours.” Then there were no mansions in the whole state of Kansas—no forest trees high enough to hide a city; no towering elevators or business buildings; no paved roads. To travel with our household goods from Pillsbury’s Crossing where I was born, to our first home in Manhattan, corner of 2nd and Pierre, was nearly a day’s journey. The road was never made; it just grew, into two deep ruts with a grassy ridge between. It took skill to drive one horse and make it tread the ridge.

The few scrubby honey locusts around our simple shelter of a home, gave us children entree into youthful society. The neighbor children loved to play in the shade and ours were the only trees in that part of town. And play we did—those children of the pioneers knew how to play. As with our elders, in their more serious endeavors, necessities compelled us to invention. Our mansions were built of small stones and outlined



on the prairie grass—buffalo grass preferred. Flat stones of various sizes became furniture. The beautiful soft tumble weed was our upholstering. For a block around the old stone school house on Poyntz Ave., these playhouses abounded, filled with our accumulated treasures. Sometimes the boys from their side of the schoolyard made a raid on our outlined mansions, carrying away the big furniture for bases on their ball grounds. Often the little stones would be taken to outline their circus rings.

Billy Vincent was the greatest and most popular ring master. We small children liked him so much better than Pom Powers. Pom hollered so when he cracked the whip. The little slim girls were indispensable to these would-be circus performances. Ida Pipher was the favorite. She made a lovely fairy and could stand on one foot on Billy Vincent when he made a wagon-bow of himself, and extended the other foot out for eight inches without falling off. One day when she was absent, the audience (admission was a chamstring button) demanded this act, so Billy gave me the first thrill of my life by asking me to take the part. I was the next slimmest girl in school. Some one tied a "stock" sash around my apron and took off my shoes. The act went off fairly well, but for good measure Billy cracked his whip and commanded me to "summerset". That also went off very well at the time; but that night when I got home from school I found the teacher, Miss Belle Harris, talking to my mother. It was then I heard for the first time, what I have heard often enough since: "The Lord only knows what these young-uns are coming to. It's got to be stopped—boys and girls playing circus together just like all boys. And it was stopped. Miss Belle Harris was a good teacher. The shawl tents came down and that was the last performance. However, in spite of it Bill Vincent's talent for acting continued to develop until he became a comedian in the Home Talent Dramatic Club. He survived even this and went to Congress. Right here I see these reminiscences drifting into a history of pioneer amusements. Good I'll be less likely to infringe on other's subject. Ed Howe, for instance, wrote a whole book about a Country Town with no play in it, and Main Street was not written of the soul of Manhattan or Gopher Prairie.

Going back to the Dramatic Club: who but me has treasured a memory of Peak's Hall, where this club gave it first, second, and last performance. I cannot recall the name of the first play, but Molly Mansfield was leading lady, and Mark Brown, at the time torn and twisted by musical and dramatic ambitions and aspirations, took a leading part. Clair Pattee was the villain and W. D. Vincent the side-splitting comedian. The older, more serious minded citizens never realized how these actors worked, nor under what difficulties. Mr. Geo. F. Brown, Mark's father, interfered at a critical time, with Mark's



advancement in his chosen career, by making him cultivate corn. Argument failing, Mark overcame the handicap by teaching Nellie, the old white mare, to walk a furrow with the guiding rein, thus leaving his hands free to play his violin. In this manner, as he rode the cultivator, he perfected himself in "Turkey in the Straw", and committed his words. Meanwhile not forgetting to protect an actor's greatest asset, his good looks, from the blistering Kansas sun; he wore his mother's sunbonnet. The old boys and girls of Mark's generation still chuckle over the funny things he said and did. God bless him wherever he is.

Perhaps the town's most valuable asset for amusement, for both young and old, was the Choral Union. This was an organization of the musical elite so we couldn't all belong; but there were times when they put on oratorios and cantatas. Leading parts, of course were provided from the Union's membership, but the huge chorus and the court attendants, villagers, and the like, had to be drawn from the younger set. Girls who could sing and those with long hair, (for maids of honor) were preferred but some way the giggling chorus grew until at rehearsals, one wondered where the packed house, at fifty cents (a high price) was coming from—but it always came.

"Queen Esther" was given in the Christian Church in 1873. John Smith was King, and an imported beauty, Miss Carol Krause, of Leavenworth, was Queen. The other prominent parts were selected from such good old time singers as these: Mat Horton, Mrs. Major Adams, Mrs. Prof. Platt, Mrs. Purcell, Mr. and Mrs. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Wisner, John and Lida Davis, Mr. Moses, Eusebia Mudge, Mrs. Levi Woodman and others too numerous to mention. Who of you old settlers who attended any musical event failed to see "Sebie" Mudge (Mrs. Irish) was presiding at the piano or organ? Two of the King's guardsmen were Mr. T. Vail and Sam Ferguson, modest retiring citizens drafted into service on these occasions on account of their fine bass voices. A liberal number of trained singers were sprinkled through the giggling choruses.

"Joseph" was given in the Presbyterian church a few years later. Darius Hungerford had arrived, marking an epoch in musical Manhattan. I still think his was the loveliest tenor voice I ever heard—and he was so good to look at while he sang! He took the part of Joseph. I was not in the chorus, but I heard that his legs were too slim for long stockings and knickers, so he undertook to pad them. He was not an expert. The padding sagged and grew lumpy. Not even Mrs. Wilder or Mrs. Platt could restrain the giggling chorus. Then, too the makeup committee had real trouble with Mrs. Platt who took the part of the appearing angel. She accepted the pair of wings very pleasantly but when it came to powdering her



face, she flatly refused, saying she had lived this long without any of that wicked foolish deception, and she guessed folks would have to stand her as she was. They did—but her face did look rather red and earth-bound between those fluttering white wings, as they broke through the white sheet cloud!

Having in those days of blessed memory no Victrolas or other self playing musical instruments; and no movies, the people really enjoyed conversation. My father was a real conversationalist. Often in the post office days, I would be busy making up the mail, writing money orders or tending delivery while half listening to him and some intelligent citizen behind the big office stove settling the universe. Frequently it would be S. A. Raphael energetically carrying one end of comparative religion, higher education for women, or freedom of the press. It might have been dear Prof. B. F. Mudge, for father, too was keenly interested in modern science and the latest found fossils. I was glad when it was S. M. Fox for there was likely to be a delicious flavor of literature. I would hear names that hinted to me to read next; like "Daniel Deronda", "Romola," "Robert Elsmere." Not infrequently the other talker was W. H. Bower, then the conversation would merge into mild arguments including socialistic theories and temperance. But these interesting and often instructive conversations were not always behind the Post-office boxes. Such men as R. B. Spilman, N. Green, John Webb, H. F. Christy, Dr. Roberts, H. P. Dow, W. C. Johnston, Albert Griffin, John Elliot, Sam Long, and Henry Crump, coming to mail letters, casually meeting one another would linger to refresh themselves with a few minutes conversation. The range of subjects was wide—from Texas cattle to astronomy. There was the interchange of wit and wisdom that left them all the richer in personality.

Thinking of them all it is so easy to become a "brook" and go on forever which must not be. Goodbye dear friends, may we meet again.



## EXTRACTS FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN TENNANT

I arrived in Manhattan from Milwaukee, Wis., July 3rd, 1857. The strong feeling throughout the north, against the extension of slavery was what turned me in this direction. Not long before I left Wisconsin, I was present at an evening meeting in a school house where a young woman was introduced to say something of conditions in Kansas. Standing with her small child beside her, she told how she and her husband decided that while times were so unsettled, it would be better for her to take their child and return to her old home in Wisconsin. Accordingly they were on their way from the homestead near Lawrence, to Leavenworth, where she was to take the train, when they met a band of Border Ruffians who spoke rudely to them. On her husband's replying, with perhaps too much spirit, they coolly shot him and rode away leaving the stricken woman and baby alone on the prairie with their dead and the horse and wagon. Fortunately, the next passersby proved to be a Free State man and they, of course, did everything in their power to help her. She saw her husband's body laid away by kind hands and then resumed her sad journey. The effect of this simple story can better be imagined than described.

During the next two years, while making my home in Manhattan, I had some experience as jurymen, both in the district court and in the territorial supreme court. Judge Elmore presided in both courts. He was a southern gentleman and brought with him from the south sixteen slaves. The first winter after their arrival proved so severe that the negroes nearly froze to death. They could not work out doors, and the judge, fearing they would die on his hands, was obliged to chop wood to keep them from freezing. In the spring he sent them back south; probably having decided that Kansas atmosphere was unfavorable to the institution of slavery.

When the judge gave a case to the jury, they were placed in charge of a bailiff and taken to the top of a hill where there was no shelter, from the elements, either heat or cold, and kept there till they agreed on a verdict. In 1859, while he was presiding in the district court of Pottawatomie county, one of the cases was that of a boy charged with stealing a horse. When his case came on he had no counsel and no money. There was present a young lawyer named Clariday; lately arrived from Alabama. The judge appointed him to defend the prisoner, telling him to do the best he could for him. Clariday took the young man back of the court house and repeated to him the judge's instructions. "Now then;" he continued, "You see that cornfield over there; the best thing I can do for you is to tell you to get into it as fast as you can. I will stay here thirty minutes to give you a start. Now get". Clariday went back into the court room after half an hour and when asked about his client, reported his action just as given above. I never



heard that anything was ever done about the case.

In the early days of Kansas we used to take a buffalo hunt every fall. Five or six young single men would take two wagons with oxen and a drive of from sixty to seventy five miles would bring us to herds of buffalo. It didn't take many days to load up, though we took only the choicest parts of the beef leaving the rest for the wolves. When we got home we would distribute the meat in the neighborhood which would be fairly well supplied with meat for the winter. Four of my neighbors and I took such a hunt in November, 1858.

At Salina, as we passed through, we saw a camp of about three hundred Kaw Indians. Though not on the warpath, they would steal whatever they could lay hands on. Thirty miles further on, we found buffalo in vast numbers. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but buffalo in sight. We killed several that afternoon and laid the meat out to cool. Next morning we left two men in camp with the teams and three of us started out after the buffalo. We soon had enough killed to load our wagons so one went back to camp for the teams while the other two stayed to cut up the meat. I had time also to take off an extra good hide from a young buffalo cow. The sun was about an hour high when the teams came up to us and we quickly loaded the meat and started back to camp. The weather had been fine and as we came upon the divide, I thought I had never seen a pleasanter evening. Then, suddenly the wind changed to the north and the first thing we knew we were in the midst of one of the fiercest blizzards I have ever seen. We unhitched, fastened our oxen to the wagons and camped where we were so as not to lose our bearings; and put in the night walking to keep from freezing. I'm sure no men were ever gladder to see daylight than we were. I tried during the night to rest by rolling myself up in my green buffalo hide with the hair on the inside. It seemed a good idea. I was warm and comfortable for a time till I felt cramped and tried to turn over; when I found I could not move hand or foot. The hide was frozen stiff with me inside! I could never have got out alone. My friends had a hard time to get me out as it was. The next morning we made our way back to camp and after one night's rest started for home.

The friends who were with me on that trip have all passed over the range; most of them years ago. I am here yet, well along in my 78th year. I served my country nearly four years, and have many pleasant recollections of war time experiences as well as some not at all enjoyable. I expect before many years to pass on where I hope to meet the many old friends of pioneer days and my comrades in the Civil War. (Mr. Tennant died in 1921.)



## SOME PIONEERS OF THE '50'S ON DEEP CREEK RILEY COUNTY

*(From a paper by Francis A. Abbott, written in 1912)*

Early in the year 1855, after nearly seven years continuous work in the cotton mills in Lowell, Mass., I found I must make a change to work in the open air and sunshine or go under the sod. Thus the movement to help make Kansas a free state came with peculiar force to me. Seeing the probable advantage to my health, my wife accepted the plan to try the West with the same cheerfulness and courage with which she helped me meet the usual ups and downs of pioneer life—and I must say there were some that seemed to us quite unusual. We left Boston, March 13, 1855 having joined the company being formed by Chas. Robinson, which included people from perhaps all the New England states.

Arriving in Kansas City, we were asked to join a party from New Hampshire, who had their location picked out. Leaving the women in Kansas City till we should have shelters built, we started in early April, with several teams of oxen and a new wagon, for the claim of Josiah Pillsbury. We all worked building his cabin which overlooked the small natural waterfall which has been known ever since as Pillsbury's Crossing. There were in the party Wm. and Andrew Marshall, Josiah and Leonard H. Pillsbury, Abram Stone, H. A. W. Tabor, and J. C. Mossman. From this point we cast about and picked out our claims.

The mild winter in 1854 had misled the new comers who supposed that a tent or a rude cabin would be sufficient shelter for comfort in Kansas. The following winter was terribly severe and brought much suffering which could have been avoided with a better knowledge of the climate.

There were several single men living in the settlement of whom it is a pleasure to speak. Daniel Bates, a Wisconsin man, was a kind and thoughtful neighbor and a thoroughly upright and public spirited man. His housekeeping was carefully done and neighbors were always welcome. When I was unusually discouraged it was cheering to talk with him. He was as proud of his quarter section (now known as the Henry Daniels farm) as if he could see into the future and read present day valuations in plain figures. He enlisted in the war and died in a hospital before its close. Another bachelor named Morse from Hudson, N. H., came to Kansas to engage in school teaching. In that day, when most of the children were infants in arms, finding pupils was a difficult problem. Finally he accepted for a few weeks, the position of tutor to Judge Bursaw's children but soon became so homesick that he was really ill and returned to his old home, first selling his cabin and his right to the claim on which he had declared his intention of homesteading, for the sum of fifteen dollars. This



farm sold several years ago for \$7200.00. John C. Mossman, late of Wichita, and Horace Tabor lived further up the creek. Both were hardy pioneers. Later, when Tabor, who had become a Colorado millionaire, was in the midst of a spectacular career, we used to recall his hearty laugh one winter morning in 1856, when he made an early morning call at our cabin. He was walking home from some neighbor's place and was carrying a coffee mill under his arm. One of us said we had been wondering if he had starved out during the hard freezing weather just past. His laugh roared out as he answered: "You needn't worry about Horace Tabor starving while he has plenty of corn and a coffee mill to grind it in." Not very long ago I had a pleasant call with the son, who was born on the Kansas claim in 1858, Mrs. Tabor having come from Maine, a year after her husband settled here. The son became the proprietor of the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, where I think they do not serve cracked corn, prepared in a coffee mill.

Leonard Hobart Pillsbury, who came out with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Marshall, when only about 17 years old, was a lively and original boy. His calls and conversations are a pleasure to remember even after all these years. He worked with his brother Josiah on *The INDEPENDENT*, an early publication in Manhattan. It was an ardent antislavery paper and reflected the high principles and cultivated taste of these young enthusiasts.

In the fall of '59 at Ogden, came the final public sale of the lands on which the settlers had filed for homesteads. Any settler failing to appear at that sale might expect to lose his right. By this time good claims were in demand with newcomers constantly arriving. Just before the sale date, I was taken one night with a sinking chill. My frightened wife had managed to bring me through by the use of hot applications and by chafing my limbs. Most eastern settlers had been warned by their old family doctors against using quinine. A concoction called "Collygog" was the remedy they recommended. Of course they were ignorant of the Kansas brand of ague. At daylight my wife hung out the white cloth—the neighborhood signal of distress—which was seen by Wm. Marshall who promptly responded. She also got word to Mr. Blain, another good neighbor, from the Ohio Valley, hence well versed in the treatment of ague. He said we must prevent a return of the sinking chill and administered such a dose of quinine as was used in extreme cases in his own family. I was wholly unused to the stuff and after taking it, was as deaf as a post for two weeks but I think it saved my life. Going to the land sale was out of the question for me, so Mr. Blain offered to take my money and represent me there, which he did; saving our quarter section for us and relieving our minds of anxiety.



During the war we saw little money and that little did not go far. I remember selling a horse to Mr. Campbell of College Hill, who gave me, instead of cash, an order for \$75.00 on Higinbotham's store. I delivered the horse and then went to the store and traded out the entire sum in sheeting, gingham hickory shirting and a few other necessities and walked home over the hills to Deep Creek, with the bill of goods tied up in a bandana handkerchief.

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## GRAPING

*by T. J. Willard*

Among the real privations of the pioneers was the monotony of the diet which conditions imposed. Bread, pork, and potatoes in their variations constituted the fundamental basis of nutrition. Supplemented by milk, cream, butter and eggs, and by green vegetables in season, conditions were considerably ameliorated, but in the absence of fruit, emigrants from states with well developed orchards experienced a deprivation grievous to be borne. That this was a real dietetic deficiency is indicated by the eagerness with which native children sought anything with an acid taste from sheep sorrel to green plums and sumac tops. Among the most vivid memories of my early youth is the fragrance of a load of apples which a neighbor hauled in from Missouri, and several of the neighbors are numbered with the saints because of their generous treats of apples.

With such a situation one may be sure that orchards were planted early, and that, while waiting for them to come into bearing, native fruits were utilized as fully as possible. Among these were wild grapes and once or more each year, those within driving distance went graping. The whole family dressed for the occasion and provided with an ample lunch, climbed into the lumber wagon, and made a picnic day of it.

While grapes grew to some extent in the woods bordering the creeks, my observation was that the sandy soil along the Kansas River afforded the most favorable conditions. The vines clambered up trees and bushes creating beautiful arbors, and the small clusters of small grapes were most visible from underneath. To obtain them it was often necessary to climb the trees or pull down the vines. In some cases one could drive the wagon under the vines as they hung from low tree tops and pick the fruit directly into the buckets and tubs provided. There was considerable difference in the size of the grapes, and the larger ones were sought out, but sometimes smaller ones were superior in quality. Naturally the pickers ate as they picked and before long not only would their fingers be



dyed by the dark purple juice, but their mouths, inside and outside, and the adjacent areas, also.

Wild grape juice is virile stuff, and it affected the tender surfaces so that unless great care was used the corners of the mouth, and the skin between the fingers would soon be itching and smarting, and the tongue become sore.

Taken home, the grapes were used for jelly-making and stewed as sauce, or baked in pies. As wild grapes are probably more than half seeds it will be seen that grape pies left something to be desired mechanically. They could scarcely be surpassed in flavor, and were unequaled in color. The flavor was so rich and strong that it could be reduced to a condition of delectability by a liberal application of rich cream to pie or sauce. Uh-m-m-m!

The graping expedition usually extended its interest to gathering elderberries also. New elderberries are probably the most insipid fruit man ever ate, though juicy, somewhat sweet, and having very small seeds. The grapes being over-strong in flavor, lent themselves admirably to the function of making elderberries edible, and a mixture of grapes and elderberries made better pies than did either fruit alone.

Grapes were to some so nearly the only fruit available that they were not only devoted to immediate consumption, but were dried for stewing in the winter. Stewed dried grapes were doubtless of dietetic value as used, but their seediness was even more in evidence than with the fresh fruit, and they were a psychological preparation for dried apples in sauce or pies. One of the rhymsters of the period said something like this:

I do abhor, detest, despise,  
Abominate, dried apple pies;  
Tread on my corn, or tell me lies  
But don't give me dried apple pies.

This expresses the attitude of a pioneer accustomed to pies from fresh Greenings, Baldwins or Bellflowers, but it vibrates no sympathetic cord in the native son of the prairie to whom even stewed dried grapes were a luxury.

But graping meant more than fruit to a boy. It was a trip to the cool, moist shade of the woods; an introduction to vines, bushes, trees, birds, and river banks, and probably playing on a sand-bar and wading or swimming in the water. It was an enlargement of life of no means significance, and stamped memory with ineffaceable images.



## AN INVASION OF BUFFALOES

*(From a sketch by Edward Secrest, published in 1918)*

It was on a balmy June day in 1857, when the old settlers of Fancy Creek valley in Northern Riley County were roused out of their peaceful every day hum-drum existence by one of the most noteworthy experiences of their pioneer life,—an invasion of buffaloes—the monarchs of the great trans-Missouri plains. While out in my small field, near the dim wagon road, a neighbor coming down the valley brought the stirring news that August Winkler or one of his partners, while breaking prairie, between what is now Winkler and Mayday, had seen stray individual buffaloes slowly moving down in their direction. It was not long before he saw a large herd on the high prairie toward the west coming his way grazing as they advanced. His team of oxen, probably three or four yokes, showing signs of alarm, were unyoked and driven homeward down the Creek while he climbed a tree near by to “view the landscape o’er”. The outlook toward the west was not reassuring for he saw multitudes covering the high lands adjacent to the valley. So he slid down from his perch and followed the team to a safe retreat.

So ran the tale told by my passing friend. It seems however that the bulk of the bisons changed their tactics and retreated, only leaving stragglers behind who made their daring way down the valley in quest of adventure or to spy out the land. After my informant left me, I naturally turned towards my home and looked for my gun. When within two hundred yards of my house, casting a look ahead, I beheld a huge old patriarch rubbing his shaggy shoulder against the corner of my cabin as calmly and unconcerned as if he owned the whole shebang in fee simple.

And the bold bison had the best reason in the world for the don’t-care-a-continental airs he put on; for he stood between the proprietor and his trusty rifle ready to “jump the claim”. A term often heard and often acted upon in territorial days. But then to me, painful dilemma didn’t last long and both parties were probably mighty glad of it. He got on his awkward run, crossed the creek and we heard afterward that some of the Gardiner Randolph family “got” him. The last one of the outriders was killed in John Randolph’s cornfield near where Mr. Bergsten now lives. The settlers in the valley lived in clover the summer, fall, and winter following. Their larders were replenished as never before. Of course we were unable to ride into the herd Indian fashion, and pick out choice young cows and bulls for our victims. These were well along in years, grey, grizzled and venerable. One of the young fellows ’lowed they might have been gay and lusty young fellows roaming the plains on the day Washington crossed the Delaware! Nevertheless the meat tasted fine to us hard working pioneers.



It had that peculiar wild game flavor so highly prized by professional nimrods. The lower valley bachelor den was well stocked with bison beef. We jerked it Indian fashion, and hung it up well cured, in long rows and festoons on the joists in the back part of the cabin and when our Mill Creek Hoosier boys would come up occasionally in their lumber wagons on a visit during the winter days, and Old Boreas howled and drove the snow like sifted flour under the clapboarded roof, we sat around a roaring open fire; while ever an anon, as we tired of telling Hoozier yarns, one after another would get up and cut down a chunk of buffalo bull beef, return to the fire and cut slice after slice of the juicy steak and talk of the halcyon days a coming when Kansas would be a Free State with the wild territorial sunflower as its glorious emblem.—Randolph, Kansas, January 3rd, 1918.

Edward Secrest.

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#### 60TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF MR. AND MRS. WELLS

In a copy of the Manhattan Republic of May 8th, 1889, there is a three column report of the celebration of the 60th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Welcome Wells, parents of our oldest living citizen, George Welis. The townspeople gave the fine old couple a surprise party and presented them two elegant chairs. John N. Smith was the efficient committee in charge of this part of the preparation. There were silver engravings made by Jacquard, with this inscription:

1829      May 7th      1889  
Mr. and Mrs. Welcome Wells  
From Manhattan Friends

Following the opening address by Rev. Wm. Campbell; Mr. L. R. Elliot presented the chair in a witty and interesting speech. Miss E. Ada Little then sang: " 'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town."

Hon. Geo. S. Green after most cordial greetings, gave a resume of the sixty years, beginning with the personal history of the principals in their pioneer experiences and following up with state and national affairs. Quoting: "As a citizen of your adopted state, coming to Kansas in 1857, your record has been such that any man might be proud of its recital. The wise proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings," has been verified. You were honored by election to a judicial position soon after your arrival in the territory. Elected to the state legislature in 1862 and 1863; again returned in 1872 and 1873; for nine years member of the board of County Commissioners of Pottawatomie county, three years president of the Board of



Trustees of the Asylum for the Blind; elected to the State Senate in 1878. You number among your friends those high in the council of the nation; United States Senators, Congressmen, ex-governors and Governor, is but evidence of the fact that you have been part and parcel of this age of progress and activity.

You have done much for Kansas during these years in which you have been her citizen; in part through the contributions from your orchard Kansas won the gold medal for the finest fruit at that grand display.

Looking back upon the panorama of those years, you have seen the nation prosper as no nation has prospered since the dawn of civilization. You have seen the fulfillment of the words spoken by Theodore Parker in 1856 when he said: "In the year of our Lord 1900, there will be two million people in Kansas with cities like Providence and Worcester—perhaps like Chicago and Cincinnati. She will have more miles of railroad than Maryland, Virginia and both the Carolinas can now boast. Her land will be worth \$20.00 per acre, and her total wealth will be five hundred millions of money. Six hundred thousand children will learn in her schools. What schools, newspapers, libraries, meetinghouses! Yes, what families of educated, happy and religious men and women! "You have seen the fulfillment; "Your eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Mrs. Hofer sang: "We are Traveling on Together." Letters of congratulation were read from Senator Plumb and Rev. D. C. Milner.

Short talks followed by Judge Pipher, ex-Mayor Bower, Dr. E. L. Pattee, Father Lee spoke briefly giving them his best wishes for continued happiness. Rev. R. M. Tunnell made a brief prayer and handshaking ensued. Calls were made till after 9 o'clock. The band gave them a serenade. So the celebration of this very rare event came to an end and our esteemed friends commence another decade of married life.





*John Warner*



## JOHN WARNER

John Warner was born in Baden Germany in 1833. He emigrated to America with his father's family when he was five years of age. Mr. Warner came of substantial German ancestry, from whom he inherited qualities or thrift and prudence.

After living in various states, in 1860, the family moved to Kansas on a farm near Stockdale where he resided until 1869, enduring the hardships of pioneer life. He then moved to Ogden where he built up a fine home. In 1908 he became a resident of Manhattan.

He has seen the great State of Kansas grow from border state to the greatest state in the union and was always on the side that helped to make the state and community what it is today. Mr. Warner's character stood for the highest type of citizenship. He became a member of the 11th Regular Kansas Volunteer Infantry and served until the close of the war.

One of nature's noble men, a man who stood for the best things in life, a man who by his own exertions won an enviable position in the community in which he lived. True to his ideals, his home, his associates, his character stood for honesty and integrity. His country and his church were among the treasures of his existence in this life.

The memory of Mr. Warner is dear to his friends.

By Ida Warner



## THE HIGINBOTHAM BROTHERS

Sons of Uriale and Elizabeth Chance Higinbotham, John, Alexander Addison, George Washington, Uriale, and William Penn, leaving the home of their ancestors at an early age, following the Star of Empire, they arrived in Leavenworth, Kansas at close, but different dates in the year 1856.

They were all hustlers of pronounced type pioneers in every sense of the word in the formation of sentiment favoring a free state, in laying the foundation of permanency in business, personal, political and good citizenship, taking an active part in the struggles of that period.

Resuming the westward march, Uriale and George W. secured transportation by the purchase of ox teams and in due time reached Eureka Lake valley in which is now Riley county, Kansas, where they located claims under the laws of the United States government allowing every man a homestead.

To assist in the opening of the territory and benefit their own conditions as well, the brothers organized and out-fitted a freight line for the transportation of merchandise from Leavenworth to Fort Riley, a frontier post. Oxen were the motors, and while reputed very slow it was noted that the "Higinbotham Boys Special" was always on time. George W. was especially proud to tell in after years of his ability to drive an ox team.

Until the fall of 1857 these young men had to "batch it;" the Uriale returned to Pendlatin county, Va., and married Cynthia Davis Burgoyne, returning with her to the cabin that had been prepared for her at the Eureka station of the Higinbotham Special. This home coming was more than a passing event in the lives of these frontiersman. Their dreams of "Old Virginny" cooking, real boiled shirts and hair cuts by the only lady barber were facts—and life seemed again worth while.

In 1859 the brothers opened a general merchandise store, taking the goods in exchange for parts of their claims in Eureka valley. They continued to engage in freighting and occasional trips throughout the western country, taking part in the boom periods of Pike's Peak and Gilpin county. For his health's sake, George W. accompanied several of these "teams" as they were called and exchanged his goods for gold dust, which was stored in cracker boxes and carefully covered with sides of bacon, etc. Once in the night the oxen pulled back on their chains as if in fright. A few shots were fired and silence fell. If there were marauders, they fled.

About the year 1859 they were joined by another brother, William Penn Higinbotham, who was thereafter identified with them in business. On the death of Uriale in 1864 the business was disposed of to E. B. Purcell of Pennsylvania, a newcomer in the city. The surviving brothers then opened a bank; George W. continuing for a year or so, then withdrew, leaving



the business to W. P., who carried it on for many years successfully. In 1867, G. W. again entered the merchandising as Geo. Higinbotham & Co.—Ashford, Stingley and Orville Huntress being interested with him. Later the firm, Higinbotham, Stingley & Huntress succeeded them until 1887 when George W. retired. Shortly afterward he engaged in real estate, milling, grain, coal and livestock, which he conducted until his death in 1889.

Politically the brothers were Republicans, Free-soilers, took an active part in the formation of the free state of Kansas, G. W. having been a delegate to the Constitutional Convention held in Wyandotte in 1859. —Mrs. Lillian Green.

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### THE BEEBE, BRIGGS AND BARNES FAMILY

On an afternoon in May, 1856, a pioneer family with their cattle following the ox-cart, encamped at the foot of Mt. Prospect to wait for the ferry boat to bring them across the Kaw to the new home toward which they had journeyed from Ohio. The father, walking beside his oxen, had the company of his two sons and two daughters all the way from Westport Landing; it being found, when the trunks and household goods were packed into the wagon, that only room remained for the mother and the youngest child.

This trip into the territory on foot was recalled, in after years, as a pleasant and, at times, thrilling experience. They enjoyed the springtime beauty of the prairies. They loved sitting around the evening campfire and what appetites they brought to the substantial camp meals! They had their wagon ransacked for fire arms by a detachment of Buford's men as they returned from the sacking of Lawrence, and the next day they passed through that little town and were shocked by the havoc wrought there. Ever they were looking forward to their now home. The father, C. W. Beebe, spent the previous summer in the tiny settlement called Manhattan and had the new house on his claim enclosed before he returned to Ohio to bring his family out.

The tired travelers waited from 3 o'clock, that May afternoon, till nine before the ferry boat was ready to take them across. The boat had to be brought down from the landing near the foot of Bluemont, and pulled and poled up the Kaw to a landing place above the present Rock Island Rail Road Bridge. It was after midnight when the last of their cattle had been landed and they could proceed to their own home. But late as was the hour, the whole town was down at the landing to welcome back their one time neighbor, and to meet his family (which included two young women!) This attention was not inappropriate since as it proved, the family were from the first closely identified with the interests of the town.



The young people were soon filling a large place among the younger set; their originality making them a real acquisition. A paragraph from a paper by Mrs. Barnes written not many years before her death, reveals, the spirit of that day: "Our house was enclosed but quite unfinished; but having seven rooms and floored below and above, it was considered palatial. That first summer before we got our chimney built, we put the cookstove near one of the four windows and passed the pipe out the window. We learned that Kansas winds could change with amazing rapidity. Perhaps before the meal was half ready the wind would be blowing into the pipe. It was then up to us to lug that stove across the room to a window with more favorable draught. But everything was new and interesting; we never thought of regretting that we had come, and as for the frequent journeys of the cook stove, we considered that the best joke ever.

The double wedding of the Beebe sisters was unique, at least in the history of Manhattan. Aided by clever silence on the part of the mother, each sister believed the preparations going on for the wedding, were for her exclusive use. So when the hour arrived and two couples appeared before the parson, not only the guests but each happy bride got the surprise of her life. Here Frances Beebe became Mrs. Charles F. Briggs and Helen Beebe started on life's longest journey with Stephen B. Barnes. The Briggs family were in business in Manhattan for a great many years; Mrs. Briggs herself operating a millinery business until ill health forced her to retire. Spicy articles from her pen enlivened many issues of early day newspapers.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes lived on a farm in the Cedar Creek neighborhood for many years, later moving to College Hill. Wherever they lived they were active and influential. They were especially interested in Grange work and had more years of active membership and leadership to their credit than any other members of Manhattan Grange.



## MR. JOHN MAILS AND FAMILY

During the years, 1853 and 1854, the slavery question was the paramount issue throughout the east and when the Kansas and Nebraska bill became a law, my father and mother decided it was their duty as well as privilege to dispose of their possessions in Clarion County, Penn., and go west to help in a small way toward making Kansas a free state. In the early part of 1855, they made sale of their farm and personal effects and on the 21st day of March, 1855, took a boat at Parkers landing on the Allegheny. Transferring at Pittsburg to an Ohio river boat, named Empire State, loaded with free state people bound for Kansas. This boat was to have brought the company to Kansas city, then Westport Landing, but at St. Louis the engine became crippled and they were forced to find other means of transportation. As soon as they docked they were made to realize that they were in a slave state. Armed men filled the boat and made dire threats against any yankees who would make an attempt to enter Kansas.

Father started out early to locate another boat and as a result missed this excitement. When he returned he had secured passage on a boat called the Express, which was bringing a colony of free state people from Covington, Ken., to a point ten miles east of Ft. Riley, which they had selected for a townsite and named it Ashland.

Father, mother, their children and four young men from their old home in Penn., were the only ones to come on to Kansas from those on the boat, Empire State.

At Lexington, Mo., pro-slavery men, heavily armed, again filled the boat with threats of mob violence and burning of the boat. The captain called upon the Mayor of the town for protection and through his efforts nothing worse resulted there. An all night carousal of drunken gamblers on the boat terrifying women and children.

At Westport it was found impossible to come on up the Kansas River as there had been no rain in the territory since June 1854. Again they unloaded and rented two rooms in a log house, where they remained while father went out to Independence and bought a wagon for which he paid \$365.00 in gold, two ox teams for \$200.00, and two cows with calves for \$65.00. Mother made a canvas cover for the wagon and loading in the most necessary articles (storing the rest), they were soon on their way again. After three days they reached Wakarusa, where they were compelled to camp for six days on account of the severe illness of my father. At this time the four young men decided to return to Penn., so they again started westward alone. At a point near where Topeka now is, they paid a ferryman \$1.50 to take them across, but when in the middle of the stream, the boat stuck and father had to take his oxen off the ferry and hitch them to the boat to pull



it across. At Silver Lake they came on to the Government road to Ft. Riley, which they followed to a point one mile west of the Devils Elbow creek. Here they found a family of clean, white people, the first since leaving K. C. At the earnest solicitation of these good people they made camp and father started out to locate a claim. He finally decided on a spot three miles east of Manhattan, on the north side of the river. On recrossing the Elbow the rear wheel of the wagon struck a stump and shivered into dozens of pieces.

By the aid of a bushy sapling placed under the wagon he made the rest of the journey on three wheels.

A tent was erected and father at once started the erection of a story and half hewed log house. But here he had woe indeed for while he would be hewing one log, the ones already finished would be taking on the shape of a worm fence.

While working some men came along from St. Joe with a whip saw. There was a heavily wooded tract of large oak trees about two miles north and they were going to saw lumber. Father engaged the first 1000 ft. of oak flooring and so the new house had oak floors, whereas the other settlers had none.

The first night after they were in camp along came a Methodist preacher on horseback and asked to stay all night. Said he was out organizing S. S. so as to have them ready when the people arrived. As soon as the family were housed, father returned to Westport for his goods and for a year he continued to go to Leavenworth and St. Joe for supplies which mother sold to the incoming settlers.

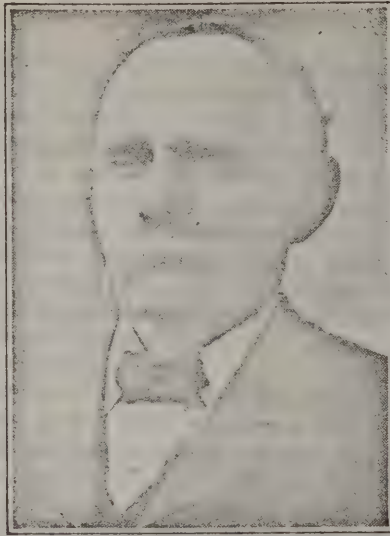
The point at which they were located was a crossing for the Indian tribes as they visited one another and many times during fathers absence hundreds of them would stop to beg or buy supplies.

After Manhattan had erected a school house, they offered father a lot free on the corner of 4th and Poyntz if he would put up a house of a certain type. He accepted the offer and as he had, in the meantime purchased a 160 acre tract near Keats which was heavily wooded with walnut trees, he secured a saw mill and got a good supply of walnut lumber. Many of the old buildings in our city are furnished with lumber from this mill.

The house completed, he rented his farm and moved to town.

John Mails died February 14, 1884. Martha Mails lived to see many changes in the land of her adoption passing on to her reward September 19, 1912. The oldest of the four children who came with them from Penn., died within a year after their arrival. John J. died October 15, 1928. Cecila E. (Corbett) in June 1921. Jennie E. (Orr) in December 1925. Two children born in Kansas survive Charles E. Mails of Kansas City Mo., and the writer Mattie E. Coons of Manhattan.





CARL ENGEL

Carl Engel was born in 1844 in Zorndorf, Newmark, Germany. After attending the village school for six years his father's family emigrated to Watertown, Wisconsin. When about twelve years old Carl was apprenticed to Carl Schurz who was at that time editor and owner of the Watertown Volkzeitung. About the time he completed his apprenticeship, Fort Sumpter was fired upon and Carl enlisted in the First Wisconsin Infantry, but being under age his father took him back to Watertown.

The year 1865 found Carl Engel in Leavenworth, Kansas, foreman and reporter on the first German daily paper published in Kansas. The spring of 1866 he came to Manhattan and established a mercantile business which he conducted until his death in 1908.

In 1867 he married Miss Frederika Schaubel, daughter of Captain Schaubel, who was an early merchant in Manhattan. Mrs. Engel lives at 214 Houston Street in the old home which Mr. Engel built sixty one years ago. Two sons of Mr. Engel are in Manhattan in business at the present time. Charles F. owns a hardware store and Norman E. continues the business established by Carl Engel in 1866. There are four daughters, Mrs. R. C. Boyle, Mrs. A. N. Blackman, Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks and Mrs. A. W. Long, all of whom live in Manhattan.

In 1907 Mr. Engel was president of the Kansas Pharmaceutical Association.

Manhattan was Carl Engel's home for forty two years. Along with other early day merchants he had faith in our town and exercised no little influence in the beginning of things in Manhattan.

A. E. Blackman



## FOUNDERS

Mr. Amasa Huntress came to Manhattan from Canton, Me., in April 1857. He brought with him his family, consisting of his wife, his son George, a young man of 20, his daughters Clara, aged 17, and Orville, a boy of 11.

From the time of his arrival in the little frontier settlement Mr. Huntress was actively interested in all causes for community betterment, and held many offices of trust throughout the year of his life, which was spent here. Gifted with a clear mind and a well-balanced character, he became guide, counsellor, and friend to many of his townsmen, and was known as "Father" Huntress to the entire village ere death claimed him, in January 1883.

Of the members of his family, his elder son, George Huntress, succumbed in his 21st year to a fever contracted while on an expedition west-ward with one of the wagon freighting caravans of the Higinbotham Brothers, and was laid to rest in Sunset cemetery when its inhabitants were very, very few.

The daughter, Clara, became the wife, in the year 1861, of Samuel Long, a young man from Ohio, who had come into the settlement in the year 1858. Sam Long, as he was known for many years to all the countryside, had the qualities that make a man valuable in pioneering. A fearlessness in doing what he believed to be right, and an ear never deaf to the cry of distress. Mr. Long served with Company G, 11th Kansas Volunteers, and after the close of the war returned to Manhattan, where, during his life time he engaged in many pursuits, and died in the year 1904, leaving a record of integrity and helpfulness.

The second son of Amasa Huntress, Orville, grew up in Manhattan, and became, as was said at the time of his death, a worthy son of a worthy sire.

A material part of his education he obtained by working in a printing shop when but a boy. His business career began in 1864 when he went to work as bookkeeper for the Higinbotham Bros., at first in their mercantile business, and when that was sold to Mr. E. B. Purcell, in the Higinbotham Bank.

In the year 1869, a general merchandizing firm was formed consisting of G. W. Higinbotham, Ashford Stingley, and Orville Huntress. The firm was first known as "G. W. Higinbotham and Co." Later, as Higinbotham, Stingley & Huntress, and on the withdrawal of Mr. Higinbotham, as "Stingley & Huntress." For many years this business was conducted in the building at 314 Poyntz Ave., still owned by Mr. Higinbotham's son, S. N. Higinbotham, and for more than 30 years occupied by Wm. Stingley, a nephew of both Ashford Stingley and Orville Huntress, Mrs. Huntress having early in life married Miss Louis Stingley, daughter of John Stingley and sister of Ashford Stingley.



At the close of the Civil War, Ashford Stingley, a Virginian who had served in the Confederate army, had been captured and confined in Camp Chase, found himself sadly broken physically by the experience and came to Kansas hoping to regain his health. His sister Carrie, the wife of Mr. W. P. Higinbotham, being in Manhattan, that became his objective point.

Ashford Stingley's many years in business here made him widely known as a genial, kindly gentleman, a keen sportsman, and a good citizen. He married Miss Louise Pennock, of a pioneer Leavenworth family, and most of their married life was spent in the brick dwelling on the northwest corner of Houston and 5th street which Mr. Stingley built more than 50 years ago.

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## NEHEMIAH GREEN

*By Mrs. J. E. Edgerton*

In 1850 Nehemiah Green, a strong sturdy lad thirteen years of age was attending subscription school in Logan county, Ohio. The third of nine children in a family of devout Methodists, he early decided to enter the ministry.

In 1855 after two years work in Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., he came to Kan., locating first in Douglas county. He was an ardent Free State Man and was prominently identified with leaders with whom he participated in the trials, struggles and triumphs which followed.

Returning to Ohio in 1857, he was a preacher in the Cincinnati Conference until President Lincoln called for troops to put down the Rebellion. He served in the Army of the Potomac. After the war he came again to Kansas and was placed in charge of the M. E. Church at Manhattan.

In 1866 he was elected Lieutenant Governor and by the resignation of Gov. Crawford to take charge of National Troops he became the fourth Governor of Kansas.

Returning to the ministry at the close of his term he was chosen Presiding Elder of Manhattan District which at that time included the western half of the northern half of the State.

In 1880 he was elected to the State Legislature and served as Speaker pro tem of the House. During this term the subjects acted upon were Transportation, Agriculture, Education and Temperance. He took an active part in the proceedings to compel the Union Pacific Railroad to acknowledge its obligation to the State.

Upon his retirement, even in failing health the ministry still held its appeal and his delight was in the dedication of a church where he was frequently called to assist.

On a Sabbath morn. January 12, 1890 came the "Well done."



## REV. JAMES HERVEY LEE

*By Miss Mary Lee*

Rev. James Hervey Lee, A. M., who wrote these reminiscences in 1909, came with his bride to Manhattan in 1866, having been called to be rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, succeeding Rev. N. O. Prenston. Later he was elected to a professorship in the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lee were natives of Ohio. Mr. Lee was a graduate, Phi Beta Kappa, of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, Mrs. Lee being a graduate of a Cleveland Seminary. Mrs. Lee was the daughter of Hon. Wm. H. Canfield, who was Judge of the western Kansas District. She was a talented pianist, and for a time was on the College Faculty as a teacher of music.

Both in church and educational fields, Mr. Lee had many warm friends. One evidence of the lasting quality of his influence is in the letters that he received in his later years. A letter that may be quoted here bears testimony to both the recipient and the writer.

Dr. Samuel Wendell Williston was one of the most eminent graduates ever sent out from the Kansas State Agricultural College. He has a scientist with an international reputation. In a letter to Mr. Lee, written in 1915, he said; "The last number of the *Industrialist* has recalled so vividly, in its picture of Bluemont College, those days of long ago when I was a student with you, that I take the liberty to write you and tell you that I have never forgotten you; that Professor Lee remains, and will remain so long as I live, among my most cherished memories of long ago. For I can conscientiously say that you made the greatest impression upon my life of any teacher, of any man, that I ever knew. And I feel the more like saying this, because my old students now have joined together in a public manifest of what I may have done for them. How strangely things are linked together in this life. You it was who saved me and made me of what use I may have been to others, by your confidence and belief in me when I felt tempted to waste my life. My own life has been busy since last I talked with you. Soon I shall be eligible for a pension, after forty years of a rather strenuous life, that has yielded me a good deal of pleasure in working, some little reputation, but not much in the way of personal good. With the most earnest wishes for your own health and happiness, of one who has never ceased to love your memory for the old College days. I am sincerely yours, S. W. Williston."

Professor Lee died in 1917; Dr. Williston in 1919.



## J. F. O'DANIEL

J. F. O'Daniel came to Kansas in 1859 from Lane county, Ky., and settled in Pottawatomie county. He was married to Miss Julia Ann Spaulding in 1867 and commenced housekeeping on the homestead where they lived for thirty years and raised a large family of children. Mr. O'Daniel became wealthy in the livestock business, being one of the largest cattle raisers in the county. Some thirty years ago he moved to Manhattan with his family and his children have been identified with the town ever since. He was president of the Old Settlers' association and was interested in many civic activities. He was a man of unusual wealth for this part of the world and he numbered some five thousand acres of land among his possessions for many years. Mr. O'Daniel had been a director of the First National bank in Manhattan and had always looked after his own vast business interests.

He was a man of unusual judgment, of great force of character, of strict integrity, of tremendous activity in his younger days. He was a real pioneer of the state, hewing the way to success through the natural and unsolved obstacles and problems of a new country.

His life history is a history of Kansas in the making, industrial and especially, agricultural Kansas. He has done a large work in a large way and leaves a memory that will always be cherished with love and pride by his children and with respect by his friends everywhere.

He died April 22, 1918.

## MRS. JULIA ANN O'DANIEL

Mrs. Julia Ann O'Daniel (wife of J. F. O'Daniel) was of that type of sturdy, hopeful, pioneer settler and citizen that developed and made this country. She was of the nature that all call motherly in her human concern for other's welfare. To rear a large family of children to useful maturity, to give each one educational advantages and opportunities beyond what were possible for her or her husband in primitive days, to take an earnest part in promoting the general welfare of the community, to be deeply yet quietly religious, "thinking the deed and not the creed,"—these were among her modest ambitions, and in these she achieved large success.

She came to Kansas from Illinois in 1859 and settled in Pottawatomie county where she was married to J. F. O'Daniel in 1867. She departed this life April 29, 1920 at her home in Manhattan where she had lived for about thirty years.



## E. B. PURCELL

Soon after the Civil War, E. B. Purcell of Pennsylvania began looking for a good business location and home in the west; sometime during the year of 1866 he decided, the little town of Manhattan Kansas was his first choice.

Here he purchased a half interest in the store of Geo. W. Higinbotham and a few months later purchased Mr. Higinbotham's interest in the store and took a years lease on the store building; A short time later the Pipher store was for sale and Mr. Purcell bought the building grounds and stock and after making some necessary improvements on the building moved his other store to his new place of business and holding leased place for storage until the termination of his lease.

Settlers began locating farther west, Clay Center on the Republican River, Lake Sibley, not far from present sight of Concordia, Beloit, Cawker City, Downs and Jewell City and other places along the Solomon river, merchants and traders knowing Mr. Purcell and knowing that he carried the largest stock of good west of the Missouri river towns, sent to him for supplies; he was a great advertiser and his slogan was stamped on most everything he sold: "E. B. Purcell, Merchant and Banker, Dealer in Everything." His department store was unusual for this country, Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Patent Medicines, Flour and Feed and in the warehouse carried all kinds of farm machinery, dealt in Coal, Lumber, Grain and Live Stock.

Freighters brought in anything which could be sold and loaded back with general merchandise and filling out their loads with flour, corn meal and mill feed from Mr. Purcell's Rocky Ford Mill, which was owned and operated by him.

1867 was a hard year for this whole country, crops being poor; early in the fall the heaviest flight of grass hoppers descended, one beautiful afternoon and inside of twenty four hours very little of any growing crops was left.

Every one was poor those times and very many of the farmers would have been compelled to get out of the country, but Mr. Purcell extended them credit, carrying them from year to year until they could raise crops; The same happened in 1874 when another flight of hoppers came deposited their eggs and afterwards took their departure; the spring of 1875 these eggs hatched but the young hoppers soon got their wings and departed doing comparatively little damage to crops.

For several years Mr. Purcell was one of the leading railroad men of the country, being working director during the presidency of W. B. Strong of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. During this time, the Chicago extension, Southern Kansas and Panhandle, Santa Fe & Gulf, and the Manhattan, Alma, Burlingame lines were built.



In this work he was associated with and aided by, Howel Jones, Col. C. K. Holliday, Col. A. S. Johnson, Edward Wilder, Joab and John R. Mulvane, all of Topeka, Col. Severy and P. B. Plumb of Emporia, Judge Albert H. Horton of Atchison, Col. O. H. Dean of Kansas City, Len Smith and Alexander Caldwell, of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Politically Mr. Purcell was one of the most influential men in the state; He never wanted anything for himself, but was always looking after the interests of his many friends. For several years he was a member of the board of regents of the Kansas State Agricultural College, also Treasurer of the board. He was ever a staunch supporter of the institution and always stood for everything which was for the betterment of the community, giving his moral and financial support.

In his home, place of business, or elsewhere, one always received the same cordial welcome.

Many people sought his advice and he was never too busy, with his own affairs, to stop work and listen patiently, to some poor women, who was struggling for existence, or some unfortunate man, whose business had gone wrong, and wanted assistance and advice.

W. D. Haines

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## SOMETHING OF THE BEGINNINGS

*By Mrs. Ed Amos*

In the spring of 1855, the present townsite of Manhattan was still but a fertile plain mostly hidden by deep prairie grass. There were two or three rough cabins but not a family was living within the present city limits, tho several single men had come in and chosen the place for future homes. John Hoar and his brother-in-law, John Flagg, having come with a colony from Massachusetts, came about that time and Mr. Hoar located a claim—a quarter section that included the present city limits of the town. While he stayed to hold his claim, and complete a cabin home, Mr. Flagg returned to Lawrence to bring his wife and Mrs. Hoar who were sisters, to their new homes. These were the first white women to live in Manhattan. They spent the rest of their lives within a mile of the spot where their first pioneer cabins stood.

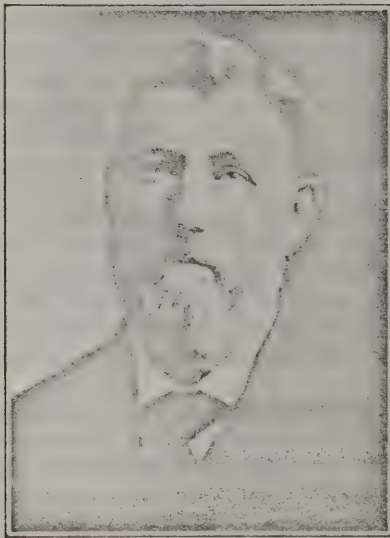
In 1858 John Hoar preempted the claim south of the Kansas River which was their home for over 50 years. Mr. and Mrs. Flagg made their home on the adjoining quarter section on the east.

Allen Lee and his brother, George Lee also took homesteads south of the river and Everett Colburn settled south of the Geo. Lee farm. These farm homes were the earliest landmarks for the farmers coming to town from the Deep Creek and Tabor Valley communities.



## FRANCIS BYRON KIMBLE

Francis Byron Kimble, better known as Barney, was born in Ohio, June 9, 1850. He came to Kansas with his parents when he was nine years old. Samuel Kimble, his father, settled on a farm on Wildcat Creek, west of Manhattan. Barney had little schooling but became a self-educated man. Early he learned to work. Plowed corn with one ox, one row at a time; he made the yoke for the oxen; helped to haul some stone



for the fences and stone buildings. At the age of sixteen, he started out to work for himself. Went to Wakefield and hired to A. B. Whiting, and then to Mr. Streeter. He then went to Rocky Ford Dam. There he was called "That Kid". "That Kid" was told to take care of the three yoke of oxen while the head man and the others were eating their dinner. Before they returned, "That Kid" had the logs all pulled up the bank out of the river. The men had not known how to roll chains around the logs and roll them up the bank. They, then and there gave "That Kid" full charge of the oxen and the hauling.

Barney and his brother, Joseph bought a section of land south of Riley called Kimble Section. Later he bought of his father, 160 acres south of Keats, where he built a one room cabin on the bank of the creek, which he later turned into a four room, story and a half building. There he batched for eight years. On September 11, 1879, he married Mary Ann Neusbaum. At that time he added more land; 160 acres north of Wildcat road, now known as North 40. There he built the stone fences and stone buildings. He then purchased 160 acres of G. I. Moyer, and at last bought his father's farm,



thus making his own farm two thousand acres. In 1911, he built his stone residence at 720 Poyntz Manhattan, where he spent the rest of his life. His work on earth was finished January 31, 1920.

Mrs. F. B. Kimble

### THE KIMBLE FAMILIES OF COLLEGE HILL

Few pioneer families in Manhattan vicinity contributed more to the social life of the settlement than that of John Kimball, widely known as "Father Kimball." He came with his family from New Hampshire in 1857. Three sons had previously arrived and chosen claims on College Hill. Augustus and Melville came in the spring of 1856 and Richard in the fall of the same year. During the first summer in Kansas, Augustus met an untimely death by an accident. There were two more sons; Charles and Edgar, and four daughters: Cordelia (Eells), Sarah (Bill), Ella (Powers), and Carrie. The family was of old New England Puritan stock well fitted by practical views and high principles to wield a strong influence in this new land then fast developing into a commonwealth of idealists.

They took an active part in all movements for education and for moral betterment. When Bluemont College was founded, Father Kimball contributed \$400.00 in money and the sons gave what they were able, besides giving labor on the buildings.

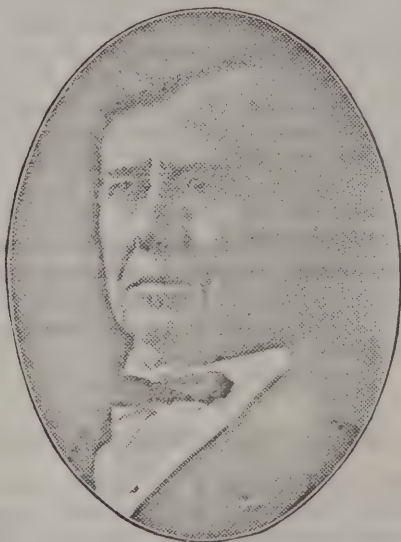
The Kimball home on College Hill, one of the largest and best farm homes in the region, became a center of social life for old and young. The younger children and, in after years, the grandchildren, were students in the college, taking places of leadership in student days and after. All the children of both Richard and Melville attended college and there were seven graduates out of the ten.

Melville, Richard and Charles served in the Civil War and at its close returned to found homes and to make up the interests and the problems of the developing young state. They were good farmers and tho the well known hardships and backsets came to them as to all, they kept up their courage, and hospitality was a tradition among them all. They filled various offices of trust in their township and county. Melville served as county treasurer. Both Melville and Richard Kimball lived to ripe old age, the former having lived in Riley County 66 years. They left to their sons and daughters a legacy of pride in a name which commands respect wherever it is known.



## JUDGE SAM KIMBLE

The subject of this sketch, Judge Sam Kimble, was born in Sarahsville, Ohio, June 14th, 1854. In 1860, at the age of six years, his father and family came to Kansas. The journey was made in true pioneer manner, overland by ox team and prairie schooner. They came directly to Riley County and settled on Wild Cat Creek about five miles west of Manhattan



where the father took up a homestead. Judge Kimble received his early education in the country school house near the old home, after which he attended Kansas State Agricultural College, graduating therefrom with the class of 1873. He walked to and from his home in attendance at college. He studied law in the office of Judge R. B. Spilman, being admitted to practice law in 1875. He was employed for a time as engineer and assisted in making the preliminary survey of what is now known as the Blue Valley Railroad. He also taught school. Soon after his admission to the bar he opened a law office in Manhattan and practiced law continuously in Manhattan until his elevation to the bench in 1902. He was County Attorney of Riley County from 1890 to 1894. For many years he served the city of Manhattan as its city attorney and legal adviser. He was appointed Judge of the 21st Judicial District of Kansas by Governor Stanley as a result of the enactment of the biennial election law in 1902, his appointment lasting for one year. He was then three times elected to the office, serving 13 years as the presiding Judge of this District. He made an ideal judge. Dignified, attentive to duty, kind and courteous to practitioner and litigant, tem-



pering justice with mercy when the occasion arose and fearless in his administration of the law.

His greatest works in life were his civic activities. He early identified himself with the activities of Manhattan, and was always found on the side of the "Booster". He had great faith in the future of Manhattan, and he gave, not only of his time, but his substance to make Manhattan a bustling, growing, thriving and beautiful city. Over thirty years ago, when the town site of Manhattan west of the city park was a cow pasture, and Poyntz Avenue was a mud hole, he built his home near the west end of the avenue, naming it "Kastle Kimble". He foresaw the future growth of Manhattan as no other man of his day saw it, and he lived to see the beautiful homes erected west of the City park which now beautify its western slopes. He was early an advocate of paved streets and sidewalks. He donated the property to the city for the building of the water tower on Cemetery hill. To the city for its use in making streets and driveways in order that his plans for the beautification of Cemetery hill might be carried out.

Judge Kimble passed away in May, 1924.

Judge J. R. Smith

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES R. KNOX

James R. Knox, born in Westmorland county Pa., Oct., 1841. His parents Samuel and Catherine Knox were natives of Pa., which his parental grand parents came from Scotland. During the Civil War he enlisted in Company D. 4th Penn., Cavalry, participated in seventy-seven engagements, serving until the close of the war. Was married December 17, 1866, to Miss Elizabeth Shrum, came to Kansas April 1st 1867, coming direct to Manhattan, where he worked for five years as a brick mason and plasterer, then moved to a farm in the Blue Bottom where he engaged in farming and stock raising, in which he was successful. Three children were born, Ed J. Knox and C. B. Knox both of Manhattan, James A. Knox Oklahoma City. Mr. Knox died April 5, 1901. Mrs. Knox is now a resident of Manhattan.



## SIMEON M. FOX

*Florence Fox Harrop*

Simeon M. Fox first came to Manhattan, and decided to locate here in June, 1866. He had been discharged after four years service in the army, late in the previous fall, and was looking for a place to settle down to livelihood. Early in June, while osjourning at Leavenworth, Kansas, he made friends with a young Boston man who was salesman in Drake's Bookstore in Leavenworth, one Howard Kimball. In conversation Kimball had spoken of Manhattan, west in the Kaw Valley, on the route of the Pacific Railway under construction, and the seat of the newly organized Kansas Agricultural College, as a promising location for a bookstore. The idea took form soon after by them making the trip to Manhattan to look over the ground. The journey was made by rail to Lawrence, then to Topeka over the new railway under construction. The next day they made the intervening fifty miles west in the over-land stage; taking dinner at St. Mary's, and passing through the hamlet of St. George. They finally crossed the Blue River on the pontoon bridge to their destination.

Several days were spent viewing the land; they visited all the business houses and offices, and were unanimously assured that a bookstore would fill a long-felt want. They interviewed the College officials and contracted for their supplies, arranged for the construction of a store room; bought out all the stocks of school books and wallpaper in the town; then journeyed back to purchase stock, and tie up the loose end of affairs to be left behind.

Mr. Fox came ahead, near the first of July to superintend the needed preparations. The that time trains were running to a place on the prairie, to be developed as the future town of Wamego. Then it consisted of imagination, and a dew-heeled box car on skids to represent a depot. A waiting hack carried him the rest of the journey. And he remembers with pleasure his fellow passenger, also proposing to try out his fortune in Manhattan. It was Dr. C. F. Little and it was there a life-long friendship had its beginning.

The store was first located on the north side of Poyntz Avenue, immediately west of the newly-erected "Grove's Block," or "Hall"—now the Commerical Hotel. After a few months it was moved to the south side of the Avenue, and a little to the west. The building and rent was divided with a jeweler named Henry Sharrer. John W. Pipher was then postmaster, and complaints were bitter over the narrow limits of the room where he maintained the post office; and a change of officials was in prospective. He made a huddled arrangements and planted the post office across the rear of the bookstore, making the two partners his deputies, in an attempt to stave off the inevitable. A few day later Billy Booth came in with credentials, and identified himself as the new



postmaster. He was satisfied with the location for the time being, and "Fox and Kimball" continued as deputies. It was at this time Manhattan was made a Money Order office, and Mr. Fox recalls the fact that he personally made out the first money-order.

After a time the post office moved to other quarters, and the bookstore moved west into the newly constructed Schepp building, into the room now occupied by the Peak Grocery. It was here that Quincy Shelden, having bought out the jewelry stock, came into the same room, and another friendship was established. Also Mr. Fox bought out his partner, and continued the business as Fox's Bookstore at the same stand, until about 1880, he built the building at 311 Poyntz Avenue, and moved his stock there, continuing the business until 1895 when he sold his stock to Guy Varney.

That is how Mr. Fox happened to come to Manhattan, more than sixty-three years ago, and how the first bookstore came into existence. Now Simeon M. Fox is almost the oldest inhabitant in years of residence. He has lived continuously in the same dwelling going on sixty-two years. He has seen the town grow, and the people come and go, and many out towards the sunset to their everlasting rest—scarcely one remains that was here when he planted himself in "our midst." "They have gone, the old familiar faces."

To Sunset Hill the weary pilgrims go.

With folded hands and patient lips grown still—

Up from the shadows in the vale below,

They make their way beyond to Sunset Hill.

On Sunset Hill there bides a resting place,

Where all the weary and the sore distressed,

Under the mercy of forgiving Grace,

May lay them down unto a perfect rest.

From pain and trouble they have traveled hence

Beyond the veil, where all may understand—

Here they have only pitched their way-side tents,

A half-way journey to a fairer land.

They only know it is a fairer land,

Where labor ends, and measured time shall cease,  
And when they cross the bounds a waiting hand

Will lead them down the pleasant ways of Peace.

S. M. F.



## WILLIAM KNIPE

William Knipe was born September 28, 1827 in Wayne county, Indiana. His father, John Knipe, of German descent, came from England early in life and took up land in Wayne county, where he married Jennie Jackson, one of the youthful Carolians who crossed the mountains to make the "wilderness blossom as the rose." They had ten children. William lost his mother when but a child and was only sixteen on the death of his father. Thus early he was cast into life's arena. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he enlisted in the First Indiana Infantry, remaining with it until peace came. Afterwards he farmed until 1857 when he emigrated to Holton, Jackson county, Kansas near which place he pre-empted 160 acres; later increased by purchase to 520 acres. He came to Riley county in 1861 and bought a small farm near Manhattan, where he built a home; buying after this, 630 acres in Pottawatomie county. He became known as a successful farmer and breeder of Shorthorn and grade cattle, also high grade Norman horses and roadsters and swine.

In politics, William Knipe was first a Whig, casting his first presidential ticket for Zachary Taylor. Thereafter as long as he lived he was a Republican. His influence was ever exerted strongly for the Union and during the Civil War, he was Major Knipe of the 20th Kansas State Militia. In 1890 he was a member of the state legislature for two terms, serving with distinction. He was a master Mason and a member of the Eastern Star order.

No one of the countless host who called him friend and believed in him, but knew his chief interest lay in the church. As a minister of the M. E. church, in the contacts it afforded, he lives in the hearts of his friends. He began to exhort in Indiana and was licensed to preach in the Holton circuit in 1858. He was ordained a deacon in 1862, and four years later, having finished a required four year's course in theology, he became an elder. He held several pastorates in northern Kansas. When he reached the age of the superannuated, he was still active in mind and body—an eloquent preacher, a kind hearted, true man, and with his influence unlimited. He was called many times to officiate at funerals and weddings and claimed jokingly, "that he tied his couples so tightly that none ever tried to undo the knot—they were united until death did them part."

William Knipe married in 1847 before leaving Indiana. A seventeen year old girl became his bride. Her name was Lucy Brandon and his choice proved a wise one. Always he deemed she was largely instrumental in his success in life. She was a true help-mate, and ideal mother and a good neighbor and true friend to all in need. Ten children were born to them, six of who are living; William A.; Charles A.; George D.; Mrs.



Louise B. Hall; Mrs. Eusebia Curtis; Mrs. Lucy Ann Sweet. This mother passed away in the year 1907. Two years later, Mr. Knipe was married to Mrs. Evelyn Bradford with whom he lived happily until her death in 1921.

Rev. Knipe at the advanced age of nearly 94 years, took part in a patriotic parade of his own Grand Army of the Republic and bravely he kept step with his comrades. The next morning he left home to take breakfast with his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Sweet. After wards on returning home, an hour or so later, he became ill and passed away at 2 p. m. Loved and regretted, full of honors, this pioneer citizen went to receive his reward.

L. A. S.

### THREE PHASES OF CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT

*By Miss Cornelia Lee, City Librarian*

The early history of Manhattan presents many interesting aspects, and the character given it by the people of its early years had a permanent influence. This is evidenced by the history of the Manhattan Institute, the Manhattan Library Association, and the Public Library, three phases of our cultural development that really make one story.

One of the very oldest organizations in Manhattan is the Manhattan Institute. This was incorporated by an act of "the governor and legislative assembly of the Territory of Kansas," approved February 14, 1857. The original members of the "body corporate and politic," named in the act were C. S. Blood, Washington Marlatt, E. M. Thurston, Albert A. Griffin, Andrew Scammon, A. J. Mead, Ira Taylor, J. D. Woodworth. The object of the Institute was stated to be "the promotion of science, literature, and the arts, by establishing a school of design, by literary exercises, reading original papers on new or disputed points in philosophy and science, collecting and preserving specimens in natural history, and securing and extensive library." The founders of Manhattan had large ideas.

What is apparently the first record book of the Manhattan Institute is still extant and the first date noted is December 17th 1856. At this time a constitution was adopted including eight articles. One section provided that "the officers of the Institute shall consist of a President, Vice President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, and Librarian." The first officers elected were Rev. C. E. Blood, President; Washington Marlatt, Vice President; E. M. Thurston, Corresponding Secretary; Albert A. Griffin, Recording Secretary; Andrew Scammon, Librarian. The president appointed as Library Committee, E. M. Thurston, A. J. Mead, Washington Marlatt. On the Executive Committee, in connection with the Vice President and Recording Secretary, Andrew Scammon.



Samuel Whitehorn, and A. C. Hall. The original members signing the constitution number seventy-five.

For a while meetings were held weekly on Wednesday evenings. The programs were of a varied nature, chiefly debates, fully recorded by the Secretary. The first subject was: Should the United States sustain General Walker in his position in Central America?

Already the Institute was in possession of a library, for on July 29, 1857, "A vote of thanks was offered to James Redpath and others of Boston and vicinity for the donation of the library of the Manhattan Insititute."

On September 30, 1857, there was a motion that "we adjourn to meet at the new school house, October 7th at 7 o'clock." At the meeting of October 7th the librarian made his report and it was accepted. At this meeting officers were elected; Washington Marlatt, President; W. A. McCollum, Vice President; William M. Snow, Corresponding Secretary; L. E. Woodman, Recording Secretary; and C. E. Blood, Librarian

Through the troublous times preceding and during the Civil War, minutes apparently were not kept. On January 19th., 1865, the meeting of the Institute was called to order by Judge Pipher, President, and officers were elected to fill vacancies as follows: Secretary, William H. Bower; Treasurer, A. Huntress; Executive Committee, the President and Messers. Baker and Pattee. The minutes are signed by J. M. McNaught, Secretary pro tem.

On May 30, 1865, "On motion, the executive committee was authorized to lease the lot in Manhattan city belonging to Manhattan Institute for the term of five years to Riley County for the purpose of erecting on said lot a building for a County Office, free of expense."

February 5, 1866 the Institute met at the Baptist Church. Election of officers was held with the following results: Judge Pipher, President; Charles Barnes, Vice President; J. N. Pillsbury, Secretary; A. Huntress, Treasurer; T. H. Baker, James Humphrey, William H. Bower, Executive Committee. "Mr. Humphrey, on the part of the Committee on library, reported that permission had been granted by the County Commissioners to put the Library in the County Building."

At the meeting of the Institute January 14, 1868, "The librarian reported progress and asked further time on motion unlimited time was granted in which to collect all books belonging to the Library." At this meeting it was "Moved that all members at present residing here be requested through the columns of the Kansas Radical to come forward and settle their dues. Carried." The minutes of this meeting are signed by S. D. Silver, Vice President, and George Creviston, Secretary.

On December 1st., 1868, Vice President Silver called the



meeting to order and R. B. Spilman was chosen Secretary Pro tem. A revised constitution was adopted two weeks later and H. C. Kimball was elected Secretary.

On January 5th., 1869, officers were elected as follows: President, S. D. Silver; Vice President, G. D. Jackson; Secretary, S. M. Fox; Treasurer, S. G. Hoyt; Librarian; C. P. Blackly; Directors, W. H. Tagley, D. E. Ballard, R. B. Spilman; Committee of Arrangements, A. J. Coe, S. M. Fox, C. P. Blackly.

On January 12., 1869, the Committee on Program reported that they had fixed on something as follows as program for proposed entertainment: Readings, Comic Songs, Sentimental Song, Quartet, Local Burlesque, Farce. On motion of Captain Booth "The Committee on Programme was given discretionary power to arrange all things concerning the entertainment. The time was fixed on the 2nd Thursday in February for said entertainment."

Through 1869 the minutes were carefully and beautifully kept by the Secretary, S. M. Fox. Names of new members began to appear with more frequency. Through the decade of the seventies the Institute seemed to be in a flourishing condition. Programs by members were given and lectures by such men as President Anderson, Professor Mudge, Professor Hougham, Professor Lee, Professor Kedize, Professor McBride, Rev. R. Wake, S. M. Williston, J. H. Brous. Some of the secretaries of this period besides Mr. Fox were J. Q. A. Shelden, W. C. Johnston, Sam Kimble, S. M. Williston, George C. Wilder. For several years R. B. Spilman was President; George S. Green, Vice President; George C. Wilder, Secretary; John W. Webb, Treasurer; S. M. Fox, Librarian. Mr. Webb served efficiently as treasurer for about fifteen years, and Mr. Wilder as secretary of many years. The records of the Institute during the sixties, seventies and eighties make very interesting reading. In later years meetings were held infrequently and the elected officers held over.

Many names appearing in the records have significance at the present day. From the beginning women were members of the institute. Some names besides those already mentioned may be cited: Asaph Browning, Abbie Browning, Eliza Beebe, Helen Beebe, Fannie Beebe, S. B. Barnes, Wm. E. Goodnow, John Flagg, Ambrose Todd, Henry Booth, J. M. Kimball, Joseph Dension, Dr. John W. Robinson, Sarah P. Kimball, A. B. Lee, George W. Lee, E. Gale, N. Green, A. J. Whitford, Orville Huntress, W. P. Higinbotham, O. C. Barner, Chas. S. Lee, John Hoar, Emeline Hoar, Rev. Daniel W. Co., S. M. Ferguson, Mrs. N. A. Adams, L. R. Elliott, Mrs. L. R. Elliott, Mrs. A. E. Higinbotham, George W. Higinbotham, Samuel Kimble, J. E. Shortridge, David S. Butterfield, Sam Long, E. Pillsbury, R. L. Harford, Dr. H. S. Roberts, O. McClung, H. C. Crump, N. D. Horton, M. S. Tyler, Dr. W. T. Vail, Miss



Maggie Hoyt, R. D. Jacobus, R. J. Harper, Prof. M. L. Ward, S. A. Sawyer, Mrs. E. B. Purcell, Darius Hungerford, Prof. J. E. Platt, Dr. L. J. Lyman, G. H. Failyer, W. Ulrich, John E. Hessin, J. W. Blaine.

Besides the programs of entertaining and instructive nature, there was from time to time discussion of the development of a library and Reading room. In 1877 Mrs. C. F. Briggs was elected Librarian, books were purchased and rules governing the use of the books were adopted. In 1878 and thereafter Mr. S. M. Fox was Librarian, and his carefully kept records are among the archives of the Institute. At different times the practicability of "building on our lot" was considered. This was the lot on Poyntz Avenue and Fifth Street, where the Public Library now stands. In 1889 a donation of books was received from Davies Wilson of Cincinnati.

Through the years the books were kept in various places, room being given at different time by L. R. Elliott, S. M. Fox, R. J. Harper, the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, and finally the Public Schools. Some of the old Manhattan Institute books have found a home and resting place in the present Public Library.

In 1901 fresh life came into the Institute by the addition of 200 new members. How this was brought to pass is another chapter of the story, which belongs to the chronicles of the Manhattan Library Association. The last elected officers of the Manhattan Institute were W. S. Elliot, President; J. Q. A. Shelden, Vice President; Mrs. Mary F. Greeley, Secretary; J. C. Ewing, Treasurer.

The Manhattan Library Association was organized in 1900, a group of public-spirited women who believed that Manhattan should have a public library. Among these women were Mrs. Irish, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Koller, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. March, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Higinbotham, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Greeley, Mrs. Coons, Mrs. Fred Smith, Mrs. Deputy, Mrs. Harper, Miss Glossop, Mrs. Holroyd, Mrs. Wilder, Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. McGarrah, Mrs. Harshbarger, Mrs. Hofer, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Colt. A previous society, the Parliamentary Club, was merged into the Library Association, and a constitution was adopted which said, "The object of this association shall be the erection of a building for library, reading room, and other purposes." Mrs. Irish was the first president and Mrs. Koller the first secretary. When Mrs. Irish moved away, Mrs. Purcell was made president. Mrs. Purcell and Mrs. Koller served so acceptably that they were continued in office indefinitely. About 50 women constituted the membership.

A plan was suggested by Mrs. Briggs, according to which 20 women should be appointed, each to secure 10 names of persons to be proposed for membership in the Manhattan Institute, with a membership fee of \$5 each, with the idea that the Institute thus enlarged would have the basis of a fund for



the erection of a public library building on its lot. This plan was carried out; the 200 names were secured, and the old members of the Manhattan Institute welcomed the new to membership.

The annals of the Library Association for the next five or six years are filled with records of energetic and well-planned work, directed toward the raising of money and the arousing of the favorable sentiment, interest, and enthusiasm of the public for a library. The rummage sales, the minstrel shows (in which the Commercial Club had a share), the lectures, plays, and entertainments, exhibits, food sales, the "calendar scheme"—these things were the vital interest of the town in those days. Every sort of device was thought of and carried out by these devoted women and their co-partners, which included pretty much everyone in Manhattan and some people outside of it. In all, over \$5,000 was raised by the Library Association. Part of this money went into the building for the upper floor and its furnishing, part into books, magazines, and supplies for the library.

President Purcell opened correspondence with Mr. Carnegie, and was able to tell him not only of the needs of Manhattan, but of what Manhattan people had already done. In 1903 Mr. Carnegie offered to furnish \$10,000 to erect a free public library building for Manhattan, if the city "will agree to maintain a free library at a cost of not less than \$1,000 a year, and provide a suitable site for the building." It should be noted that these are the only conditions. Mr. Carnegie, or his heirs, have no claim whatever on the building, and no voice whatever in the direction of the Library. If the impossible should happen and the city fail to maintain the library, the building would revert, not to the Carnegie Corporation, but to the Manhattan Institute, who originally owned the lot on which it was built.

In April 1903, Mrs. Purcell forwarded to Mr. Carnegie copies of the deed of the Manhattan Institute to the City of Manhattan, resolution of the City Council accepting the same, record of the city election showing the assumption of the maintenance of a free public library, and a list of directors appointed by the mayor. Whereupon the amount of the gift of \$10,000 was remitted to the treasurer of the Library Association in installments of \$2,000 as needed for the construction of the building.

The Manhattan Library Association successfully accomplished its primary object when the beautiful building was erected where it now stands on the corner of Poyntz Avenue and Fifth Street.

The Carnegie Free Public Library of Manhattan, Kansas, was organized by the appointment of a board of directors in 1903. State law provided that there should be 13 members on the board, including the mayor. The mayor at this time



was Hon. Geo. Fielding, and the members appointed on the board were Mrs. E. B. Purcell, Mrs. J. R. Young, Mrs. D. W. March, Mrs. W. S. Elliot, Mrs. E. A. Wharton, Dr. C. F. Little, S. M. Fox, Geo. C. Wilder, L. N. Flint, N. S. Mayo, E. H. Ulrich, J. Q. A. Shelden. The board met and elected Dr. Little president and Mrs. Young secretary. Meetings were held, plans made, and work begun. In 1904 the building was completed and books installed. All the books and magazines were gifts. Some were given directly, while most were purchased from a fund of \$1,000 given for the purpose by the Library Association and added to later from time to time. Miss Mary Cornellia Lee was appointed librarian, and Manhattan's Free Public Library was opened to the public in December, 1904.

The library opened with about 1,000 volumes. At the present time, there are about 13,000 volumes in the Library. About 1,000 volumes are added yearly, while some are worn out and discarded each year. In 1928 more than 55,000 volumes were loaned. About 85 periodicals are received. Since the beginning, the reading rooms have been freely used.

By a change in the state law, the Board of Directors now consists of nine members. Some of the members of the original board served for many years. From the beginning Dr. C. F. Little was President until his resignation from the Board last winter, in February, 1929. He was then elected President Emeritus. Mrs. E. B. Purcell was Vice President until the time of her death in 1924. Mrs. W. S. Elliot has the distinction of being the only one of the original members still active on the Board. Other persons who have been members of the Board at various times through the years are: Rev. W. C. Hanson, Mr. C. B. Daughters, Mr. W. H. Nicolet, Mr. C. M. Breese, Mayor J. J. Paddock, Mr. Charles M. Vernon, Mayor A. W. Long, Miss Josephine Harper, Mrs. Harry Hougham, Mrs. Allie Long Stingley, Mrs. C. H. Daughters, Mr. D. H. Strand, Mrs. Lily McKee, Rev. Lewis Jacobson, Mayor V. V. Akin, Mr. T. A. McKee, Mayor W. P. Barber, Mayor Clarence Johnson.

The present members of the Board are: Mrs. S. N. Higinbotham, President; C. A. Kimball, Vice President; Mrs. Mattie Elliott, Rev. D. H. Fisher, S. F. Goheen, Mrs. A. N. Blackman, Mrs. M. S. Spencer, George Clammer, and Mayor Hurst Majors.

It is fitting now to remember and to honor the early pioneers of Manhattan, who lived and labored, planned and thought and dreamed, through the years of the first half century of our civic life, as well as to give credit to the later citizens who voted for the free public library and who have supported it through the first quarter century of its existence.

So still achieving, still pursuing, we of this day, hold the torch, and follow the gleam.



## ANCIENT DAYS

*By W. H. Bower*

Girls were scarce in the early days of Kansas. The larger part of those who came were young men without a family, and were starting out to make a home for themselves. Here in Manhattan bachelors were plenty, but there was a very great scarcity of girls. One day Perry, Humphrey, and myself were talking about it, and we concluded we would count up and see what were the numbers of each. We found upon count that there were between fifty and sixty bachelors; and by going out in the country about five miles, to count two girls living on a farm, we found there were thirteen girls from about fifteen years of age upwards. We concluded that there was a poor prospect for the most of us to get a wife, unless we sent elsewhere for one, or some girls were brought in to supply the want. In fact, the want became so apparent that some of the older men who already had wives were talking of importing some girls from the Eastern States for wives for the bachelors. I remember it was no uncommon thing for three or four boys to go to see the same girl; not, of course, at the same time, but they took turns at it, so that sometimes the girl's time was pretty well taken up. As an instance, I will mention that the "Sage of Bluemont," the Hon. Albert Griffin of national repute, Judge Humphrey, one of the railroad commissioners of this State, and myself, all went to see the same girl; but as Humphrey and I "bached it" together, we went together to see the girl, and we thus took less of the girl's time than we would have done if we had gone separately; and for all the fact that she had such illustrious suitors as the three first named, she went back east, and every one of us had to look elsewhere for wives, which we each succeeded in getting in the course of time.

Henry Dougherty, as I mentioned in a previous chapter, is probably the oldest settler now living in Manhattan. He and S. D. Houston came in May, 1854, traveling with their ox-teams from the river. They, like the other new settlers, helped themselves and their neighbors, hauling logs for their cabins, making roads, and fixing crossings and fords, where necessary, across streams, and otherwise helping to build up the country. John Pierce, who came soon after, and who is a brother-in-law to Mr. Kirman, now living here, was among the new comers who helped to build the government bridge at Juniata; he now lives, I am told, on his farm near Milford. Mr. Houston first took the claim that is now known as the "Hardy place," and laid the foundation for a house, but afterward left it, and took the claim he has so long held as his home.

In those early days the Indians were plenty about here, and usually behaved as well as could be expected of Indians.



but sometimes on being provoked they would get angry, just the same as a white man, and would act as angry men will act—red, white or black. One day some Kaw Indians had a melon in a store at Pawnee; and a man named Jim Bishop, being teased by the Indians, caught up the melon and smashed it over the head of an Indian, which made the Indian very angry. He chased Bishop around the store, until Bishop, fearing harm, caught up a gun and shot the Indian. Bishop then ran got on a pony standing at the door, and started for Manhattan; the balance of the Indians sprang upon their ponies and put after him. The Indians were gaining upon Bishop and his pony was giving out as he neared J. Thierer's place, so Bishop jumped off and ran for the house, and some men who were there, seeing them coming, fired a gun at the Indians, which somewhat checked them, and just allowed Bishop time to jump on old man Carnahan's horse which was there, and having a fresh horse, he outran the Indians and escaped to Missouri. As he passed Mr. Dougherty's place, he said, "The Indians are after me!" but he hurried on, not daring to stop.

Levi E. Woodman came to Kansas in March 1857, and took a claim near Sol. Whitney's farm, but soon sold it to John Patee, and then bought a claim of Scott Newell, paying Newell \$75 for it. That claim is just west of town; the Manhattan cemetery is a part of it. M. Woodman sold it out in small lots several years ago. He built a cabin on it and lived there about a year and then came to town to live. While he lived there he used to take a friend up with him to sleep nights. One night there came up a terrible thunder storm; the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and the boys were wakened out of sleep. Woodman's friend wanted to know if the iron bars, picks and sledge hammers were not under the bed. Woodman said yes, so up he jumped and pitched them out of doors. Woodman told him he had better keep quiet as there was a keg of powder under their pillow, and if that went of it would blow them over into the Wild Cat. He then wanted to throw that out into the rain, but Woodman would not agree to it, as it would spoil the powder, so they passed a very restless night. After coming to town Woodman boarded with Ira Taylor, Father Huntress and Dr. Phelps, and roomed with Charlie Briggs in the upper part of his tin shop that stood on the corner where now is located the First National Bank. The boys kept some chickens in the cellar, and those chickens used to disappear nights never to return. One night they heard the chickens squak, and went down to see what was the matter, and found all gone but one rooster; in the morning the rooster was gone also. The next day two boys that "bached it" a short distance away invited them to dinner where they had roast chicken, and was informed that one of them that night had just got out with one chicken, and the other one was behind the cellar door when they came down and after they had



gone up the stairs he took the lone rooster, and now they had helped eat him.

Mr. Woodman married General A. C. Hall's daughter in March, 1859, and then moved into the "Thurston House" which is now known as a part of Geo. Burgoyne's home. He lived there about fifteen months and then moved into the stone house he built, that is now the home of J. C. Neal. In July 1860 the roof was blown off, and a young man named Logan, who was staying there at the time, ran out of the front door just as the south gable fell, and his back was broken, thus crippling him for life. Woodman had a barrel standing near the house that had a wooden pail and a sieve in it; the wind took that barrel and set it down near where the round house of the Burlingame railroad is now located, with the pail and sieve in it. Several year ago Woodman sold his place in town, and now raises fruit on his hill-side home.

Wm. Parkinson came in the fall of '55 with I. T. Goodnow. Alfred and Joseph came with ox team from Kansas City in April '56. It took them but five days, to come as they had Mr. Goodnow to show them the way. Alfred went for his family, but did not return until the next year. Joseph went for his family and remained east for a year and then returned to Manhattan, where he has since lived. Joseph took the claim now owned by the College, but as it was wanted for that purpose he gave it up. Wm. left three years ago, but Alfred and Joseph have continued to be residents of this locality.



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